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PICTORIAL

LADIES WEEKLY

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE WOMEN OF NORTH AMERICA.

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"A woman's rank lies in the fulness of her womanhood: therein alone she is royal."—GEORGE ELIOT.

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WAITING FOR THE MEMBER.

THE

Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

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EDITED BY

MISS MADGE ROBERTSON, M. A.,

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Special Notice.

All communications of a Business Nature relating to Competitions and Remittances must be addressed and made payable ONLY to the order of the LADIES PICTORIAL CO., and NOT to the Editor.

An extra charge will be made for boxing and packing charges on all prizes and premiums given by us.

IMPORTANT TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be glad to receive from photographers and artists in all parts of the country photographs and sketches of persons, objects, and events of interest; and for such as may be used satisfactory compensation will be made. To save time, photographs can be sent unmounted.

Children's Costumes at the W. E. Sanford Manufacturing Co.

We are indebted to the W. E. Sanford Manufacturing Co., of Hamilton, who make a specialty of Fine Youth's and Children's Clothing, for supplying material to our artist for the sketches on page 281. The well-known Senator Sanford is the president of this company, which is the most extensive in the Dominion employing over 1,500 people, their 16 travellers covering the ground from the Atlantic to the Pacific. They have branches at Winnipeg, Victoria, and Toronto, and their goods are to be found in every town and city in Canada. The Toronto Agency will shortly be removed to new and commodious premises in the Merchants' Building, No. 50 Bay St. Of the costume sketched No. 1 is a serge school suit, double-breased, with a sailor collar, box back and is braided on the cuffs and collar. No. 2 is a small full dress child's costume with white silk waist-coat, collar and cuffs, the the material being corkscrew worsted. No. 3 is the latest style now being worn in the States and is made in Scotch tweed with patch pockets. No. 4 is a grey serge sailor suit and is a Parisian novelty likely to be in great demand this season. No. 5 is a dress suit in dark blue silk velvet, braided down the front, on the cuffs and knickers.

Hon. Alexander MacKenzie.

Canada mourns for Alexander MacKenzie, a great and good man has passed away, he leaves behind him the record of a useful and honorable career. Others have told and will tell the story of his life, of his unyielding grasp of the principles of Free Trade. Of his able and wise administration of the affairs of his country, of his unflinching honesty and unselfish labors in the performance of his duties, of his faithful and conscientious devotion to his party, and, later, unfeebled by ill-health, of his bearing the discouragements of continual defeat and seeing his hopes no nearer realization. Most men would have sunk under it, but not the brave old chieftain with courage undaunted, the old banner in his firm grasp, the old battle-cry on his lips, unflinching, unconquered he died with his face to the foe. We pay tribute to the great man. We grieve the loss of the good man, but the world is better that he has lived in it. But not only as statesman and citizen is he mourned to-day. Alas for the desolate home where grief stricken hearts sorrow for the husband and Father. The house is still with that awful quiet so many us know. The hands recently so busy may be idle now. There seems nothing to do. We would not intrude on the sacred precincts of this house of sorrow, but perhaps another woman may venture to say to the sorrowing wife, that she is remembered to-day with loving sympathy by many who know it all. And if it be any comfort to know that her wifely devotion and unselfish attention to her husband's interests have earned for her the esteem and respect of the Women of Canada, she may confidently take that comfort.

As wife of the Premier of the Dominion, Mrs. MacKenzie's unfailing courtesy won for her the goodwill and admiration of all who came in contact with her. She has been a help-mate indeed to her distinguished husband. "His heart safely trusted in her." In prosperity she sympathized in all that concerned him, and did her part, no easy one, with a grace and sweetness that will long be remembered. When darker days dawned she was at his side to comfort and solace him with true wifely love. When suffering and death became his lot, she upheld and sustained him. Enduring with unfailing patience both severe bodily fatigue and mental strain, as wife and woman we honor and revere her.

Visitors to the Sanctum.

"Good gracious!" said Flips "I have been hunting the town for you. Don't you know that this is your morning for Miss Siddings' class?" "There!" I said "I knew I started out to go somewhere." Flip groaned.

"You are the most absolutely helpless person I ever knew. You cannot keep an appointment in your head five minutes. Come on now as quickly as you can."

I naturally resented her remarks and endeavored to justify myself. But she rushed me along and would not listen to a word. We got to Miss Siddings—I am sure I shall never know how—and joined the ranks.

As everyone knows, Miss Siddings is the practical exponent of Mrs. Miller's theories. She carries out in her exercises what Mrs. Miller expounded in theory on the lecture platform. The exercises were in full blast as we entered and took off our wraps. So Flips and I stood in rows with the others and made our hands lifeless, and threw our arms around and piroquetted on our toes and bent double. Thus did we. Thus did the others. Thus did Miss Siddings—only a great deal better. It is a treat to a lover of grace and skill to watch her. Each notion is so lithe, so graceful, apparently so easy and unstudied.

Physical perfection, perfect development is more delightful to me than I can ever tell. It means so much. It means not only health, but a well balanced mind, not only a good digestion but good temper. The rare pleasure one derives from the contemplation of bodily excellence whether it be of grace, beauty, strength or suppleness is apt to be here ministered to from all of these as exemplified in the teacher of physical culture. Miss Siddings is indeed a worthy model to her pupils. Moreover—and this is to my mind the best aspect of her training—one feels that the exercises are founded on a round hygenic basis, that they are given systematically and with regard to the law of development, that careful attention is paid to the powers of the pupils that no over straining may take place.

I have not time to tell of all we did that morning nor of what I think of Miss Sidding's work. But I feel sure that it is a good work, that the teacher knows whereof she speaks, that the sick and weakly, as well as the strong and awkward will find themselves greatly helped by the exercises. Miss Siddings tells of many life-long diseases cured, of delicate women made strong, of clumsy women made graceful.

She is going to the larger Canadian towns next fall, and as one who knows of the blessings she has bestowed, I can hope for you all that it may be your town she goes to. If she never did anything else—and I believe she does very much more—if she succeeded elsewhere, as she has succeeded in Toronto, in inducing women to adopt a more healthful style of dress, she has achieved a great result.

Dear Editor:—I am knocking at the door of your sanctum. Will you admit a "Fairy Grandmother?" Your tender heart and clever wits are not agreed upon the returning of MSS. And from sympathy, I have came so near the centre of civilized life, to aid you with a little plan, that will unite wit and heart in this your most urgent need. Pick out some of the best points in the MSS. and inform the author to write next time "just like that," for the future. Next let the heart have a chance to speak. Tell him not to be discouraged. A brave heart, and so on. You know there are millions of dew-drops waiting to fall, even on the dusty weeds by the way-side. And there are just as many helpful words in a tender heart. Hard gold may answer for a number of things in this world, but kind words are the sunshine of life. Before making my little nod, I would ask may I come again when you feel wretched? Dogs never notice me, and I am not afraid of bears, they like honey and I am supplied for an emergency. Your

Fairy Grandmother.

"Fairy Godmother" will always be welcome in the Sanctum, and the Editor will take her advice. I am always glad to discuss their productions with the authors, unless I can find nothing pleasant to say about them. In that case I must utterly decline. I do not mind pitching into a nation, a government, society, or institutions, but to tell people to their faces that their MSS is wretchedly poor?—No thank you. Truth is mighty, but vastly unpleasant at times. But where I can honestly point out good things I shall gladly do so, and "Fairy Godmother" may be sure that the Editor knows the value of kind words. She has received so many from the kindly visitors to the sanctum that she would be ungrateful indeed if she were not willing to pass these on to other writers. Some of us are new in the struggle. Others have spent weary years in vain endeavor to make success crown honest effort, to get even a hearing for words from the heart, to keep sharp poverty from the very hearth-stone. Others have tasted the apple of fame and found it bitter. But we can all say with one accord that what has made the struggle less wearisome, has been the sympathy, the counsel, and the help of loving and tender hearts.

Some of you are writers to magazines and know the meaning of rejected MSS, and are doubtless familiar with the printed slip which usually accompanies the returned. It takes a long time for true greatness to be recognized, and in my "salad days" before I became an Editor these little slips were quite familiar. They did not exactly form the bulk of my correspondence, but I can at all events testify as to the authenticity of the fac-similes of such as appear from time to time in stories of young and struggling artists. Well, this all tends to the story I am about to tell. Once I received a letter from an Editor of a well-known American magazine. This is wha he said:

Dear Madam:—We should be glad to use the enclosed but two readers reported against it while praising it. We shall be glad to hear from you again and would draw your attention to our prize story competition &c. &c."

I wanted awfully to reply to that letter and ask if those two readers expected an angel from heaven to come down and write short stories for them. The Editor carefully suppressed their names and the enigmatic phrase "reported against it while praising it," was a paradox which one hardly knew how to take. I could not take comfort to my soul in the thought that their literary taste was atrocious because they "praised" my production! Nor could I get down on my knees and thank them humbly for praising it because they had "reported against" my manuscript! The frowns and smiles that wrinkled my face at intervals during that day according as I gazed at "the rejected" or at flattering parts of the letter, caused me to be called capricious for some time to come. I shall always regret that I did not communicate some disparaging remarks about these two readers. I trust they may see this but it is doubtful if they peruse good literature, so perverted seems to be their good taste. But it is a consolation to have told the story to to some one at last.

Madge Robertson

Our English Letter.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

London, April 20th, 1892.

This has been one of the dullest of dull weeks in London, so I do not know what news I shall find to fill up my weekly budget. There has not even been a "First Night" at any of the theatres, and, being Lent, few people are giving dances, balls, etc. You see royalty is out of town, which makes all the difference; not that any members of the royal family could have contributed to any of the usual season's festivities by their presence this spring, had they been in London; but they have set the fashion of going to the Riviera, so every one who possibly can must go too. I am sorry to hear that the Queen has not been looking well of late; she has been particularly depressed ever since the death of the Duke of Clarence, and the fresh shock of the death of her favorite son-in-law, the Duke of Hesse, has increased her low spirits. She is said to indulge in fits of silent weeping, and does not care to converse, although she is as assiduous as ever in the performance of all her duties connected with state affairs. I sincerely hope the change of air and scene at Hyeres will be beneficial, and that Her Majesty will return in her usual health and looking less sad and aged; her visit is to extend to April 24th, or thereabouts.

People are beginning to talk about preparations for the drawing-rooms to be held in May. I learn on very good authority that the number and conditions of the presentation will be very restricted. The cards issued by the Lord Chamberlain will be as few as possible; only one presentation in a family will be allowed; foreigners and debutants from the colonies are to have the preference if the total number of applications exceeds that which will be sanctioned for each drawing-room.

There seems to be no very good accounts of any of the royal personages who are seeking the restoration of their health on the Riviera. Prince George seems to have benefitted already by the change, and I learn from some one who has seen them at Cap Martin that it is really touching to see the anxious solicitude which the Prince of Wales now shows for his son; they are always to be seen together, and are fond of taking long walks about the lovely neighborhood. Unfortunately, for the past week the winds have been exceptionally strong and cold, and Cap Martin lies high and is much exposed to their force. On this account Princess Maud has often been obliged to remain indoors. You know she is rather delicate, and has been for some time in a far from satisfactory state. She is what we may call the most "progressive" of the Prince of Wales' daughters, has strong opinions about the etiquette of the court, and would much prefer a drive on the top of an omnibus through the London streets to the orthodox drive in the park in her

mother's carriage. The Princess of Wales also is not so well as one would wish; she is very, very sad, and day by day seems to miss poor Prince Eddie more. Much as she misses him now, I should imagine she will feel the loss much more when she returns to London, and once more begins to mix in society. It is a matter for regret that their Royal Highnesses should have been so much annoyed by the curiosity of the vulgar people at Cap Martin, and I hear that even tourists from neighboring towns actually drive over to Mentone and wait about most persistently to see them go out. Princess May has been staying at Cap Martin, and as a proof of their affection and kindly feeling for her the Prince and Princess of Wales insisted upon her accepting the diamond necklace and travelling bag which were to have been presented for her wedding.

Do you remember any of Mr. Whistler's startling pictures? But what a senseless question! Once seen how could they be forgotten? I was at a private view of some of his works the other day, and as there were no gowns worth looking at I turned my attention to some of the pictures. One of my friends, who is an ardent admirer of Whistler, tells me that I am not educated up to his work yet; indeed, I think it would need a very long and curious education to make me admire his works. When I look at a picture I do like to have some sort of idea as to the subject of the painting, and do not like to feel "that the artist is playing a practical joke on the spectator, or that he is suffering from some sort of optical delusion." His nocturnes I consider merely attempts at descriptive nothingness; the blending of the colors is sometimes beautiful, certainly, but that is all. I remember Mr. Ruskin's cutting remarks on one of these nocturnes, written some years ago, when the spirited controversy was going on between artist and critic: "I have seen and heard much of cockney impudence before now, but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face." Rather severe, isn't it? The catalogue is quite one of the features of this exhibition. Mr. Whistler's admirers speak of it as "a little joke of the master's." To the description of each picture Mr. Whistter has added some of the unflattering criticisms passed on them when first exhibited, and these quotations he sarcastically calls "The Voice of the People." I must tell you this book is bound in coarse brown paper; doubtless the author calls it a "Nocturne in Brown." I also visited the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colors, and really some of the pictures were quite refreshing after so much of the "Nocturnes." On the whole the exhibition is a good one, although there is nothing very striking this year. I particularly admired a painting by F. Cotman, R. T., of my old home, "Exeter"; the sky is splendidly treated, and the old city looks well in the sunlight. The coloring of Mr. Ryland's "Tendrest Spring" is very lovely; it is an idyll in maidens and weather. The president's contribution this year I do not like so well as usual; the girl's face is exceedingly pretty, but rather too refined for a rustic maiden; the whole tone is very delicate and true to nature, but, somehow, I expected more of Sir James Luiton. Next Sunday is show Sunday. You know what that is, of course. What a rush there will be from studio to studio. I confess I am always tired out long before I have visited all my artist friends on that day. This time I must take particular notice of all I see for your especial benefit, but I expect you are tired of the subject of pictures for the present. To change the subject I will tell you of a lecture given at the London Institution last week by Miss Stanley, in which she set forth Mr. Ruskin's ideas on the subject of women, as culled from his works. Of course Mr. Ruskin has no liking for the modern young lady, or, to use a popular expression, the *fin de siecle* young lady, and his ideas on the subject of love and lovers are original, to say the least. He strongly objects to what e describes as "modern mob-courtships," carried on in a miserable confusion of candlelight, moonlight and lime light—anything but daylight. He is still less in favor of short engagements. I must quote a little paragraph from "Sesame and Lilies" (I hope I am not mistaken in the book); it sounds very pretty, but decidedly impractical; don't you think so?: "No lover should have the insolence to think of being accepted at once, nor should any girl have the cruelty to refuse at once without severe reasons. If she simply doesn't like him, she may send him away for seven years or so, he vowing to live on cresses and wear sackcloth meanwhile, or the like penance; if she likes him a little, or thinks she might come to like him in time, she may let him stay near her, putting him always on sharp trial to see what stuff he is made of, and requiring, figuratively, as many lion-skins or giants' heads as she thinks herself worth." Fancy a modern lover treated in this way!

We have heard a great deal lately throngh the daily papers about the way a young Englishman and his school-boy brother have been treated by the police of Paris. They were accused of picking some woman's pocket, imprisoned for two or three days, and subjected to the grossest insults. It is to be hoped that the English Consul will demand an explanation of such conduct and require an apology, that an example will be made of the particular officials who are to blame in the matter, Have you ever had occasion to encounter the Parisian gendarme? If so, have you not wondered what had become of the traditional politeness of the Frenchman? Oh! the supercilious smile and the contemptuous pity with which he regards helpless Englishwomen who ask their way in very bad French. He never dreams of trying to understand them any more than he does of regulating the traffic. How different from our English policemen. Do you know? I often wonder at the infinite patience of these long-suffering individuals, especially of those who are on duty at some of our busiest thoroughfares. Just imagine the work it must be for a man stationed at Piccadilly Circus, where the traffic is enormous all day long. How they manage to regulate the traffic is wonderful; the policeman merely holds up his arm and a stream of carriages, omnibuses, cabs, etc., will become perfectly still while a crowd of pedestrians crosses the road in safety. The arm is waved and the stream moves on again until another crowd has collected, waiting to cross, and the policeman once more exercises his authority.

(To be continued.)

Annie Vaughan

Agnes Maule Machar.

One need not pause to explain the portrait which bears the signature of "Fidelis." The thoughtful pleasant features are unfamiliar except to her own circle of friends—for Miss Machar does not court publicity—but the sympathetic heart-spoken poems are familiar everywhere.

The home of Miss Machar is at Kingston, Ontario. Her early education was attended to by her father, a Scotch clergyman, a Principal of Queen's University, of highly cultured nature and abilities. At the age of twelve she had begun her practical career by a translation of a story from Ovid, and a portion of *Antigone* and *Electra* into English rhyme. Since that time her work has been incessant and highly successful. There is no time, nor indeed necessity—since the readers of this continent know and love her works—to enumerate the many poems and stories she has written. Suffice it to say that Miss Machar has been a valued contributor to the best Canadian journals, and to many such well known American publications as the *Century*, *St, Nicholas*, *Wide Awake*, and *New England Magazine*. Here is a characteristic sonnet which appeared in the *Century*:

REQUIESCAT.

Soft falls the snow upon the fading year,
As death falls softly on the quiet face
By which we fain would stand a little space
To drop the tribute of a falling tear
And lay the laurel-wreath upon the bier
Where sleeps in silence, as in love's embrace,
He who crowned, so lately held his lofty place,
Our well-loved Singer, our beloved long-reverenced Seer!
Holding his faith undimmed in faithless days,
His witness for the right, serene and strong:—
Whose love was pure, and sweet with knightly grace,
Whose life was true and noble as his song!
What meed for him whose lovely work is done!
Rest with his love;—and Life eternal won!

Faithfully Yours
Agnes Maule Machar
(Fidelis)

The strong feeling shown here mingled as it is with pathos and tender reverence shows one side of her poet nature. "An August Morning" published in *The Week* is in a lighter tone. Listen to the delicate echoing music. Inhale the perfume from the woods. Breathe the sweetness of the flowers. Feel soft breezes on your cheeks, and let the little tender love-message sink into your hearts.

AN AUGUST MORNING.

In gleam of pale, translucent amber woke
The perfect August day;
Through rose-flushed bars of pearl and opal broke
The sunlight's golden way;

Scarcely the placid river seemed to flow
In tide of amethyst,
Save when it rippled o'er the sands below
And granite boulders kissed;

The heavy woodland masses hung unstirred
In langorous slumber deep.
While from their green recesses, one small bird
Piped to her brood, asleep.

The clustering lichen wore a tenderer tint,
The rocks a warmer glow,
The emerald dew-drops in the sunbeams glint
Gemmed the rich moss below;

Our airy shallop idly stranded lay
Half mirrored in the stream,
Wild roses drooped, glassed in the tiny bay,
Ethereal as a dream!

You sat upon your rock, a woodland queen
Upon your granite throne;
All that still world of loveliness serene
Held but us twain, alone!

Nay! but we felt another Presence there,
Around, below, above,
It breathed a poem through the crystal air
Its name was Love!

Of Miss Machar's patriotism I should like to speak in words of flame. Canada is a name so dear to her that her intense love breathes through almost every word she writes. I would that I could give "Our Canadian Fatherland" entire, but instead can but give part of her answer to the question she herself asks, "What is our Young Canadian Land?"

Where'er Canadian thought breathes full,
Or wakes the lyre of poesy—
Where'er Canadian hearts awake,
To sing a song for her dear sake,
Or catch the echoes, spreading far,
That wake us to the noblest war
Against each lurking ill and strife,
That weakens now, our growing life,
No line keeps hand from clasping hand,
ONE is our young Canadian land!"

I can make only one other selection, and that another sonnet which likewise appeared in the *Century*:

A REGRET.

Oh, could we but have seen, while they were ours,
The grace of days forever fled away;
Had we but felt the beauty of the flowers
That bloomed for us—before they knew decay;
Could we have known how we should yearn in vain
For looks and smiles no more to greet our sight,
Or how the fruitless tears should fall in vain
For hours of sweet communion—vanished quite.
Their worth to us, had we but better known,
Then had we held them dearer while our own,
Had kept some salvage from the joys o'erthrown,
And loneliness itself had found us less alone!

Of herself and her way of living, in a letter to a friend Miss Machar says:

"My articles in the *Andover Review* have led to a pleasant friendship with the venerable Shaker-poet, John S. Whittier. Dr. O. W. Holmes I can also number among my friends and as an occasional correspondent, and I had the good fortune to receive an autograph letter from Lord Tennyson, on account of a short poem years ago published in *Good Words*, entitled "Canada to the Laureate." . . . I believe greatly in exercise and fresh air, and I spend half the year in the country in a lovely spot overlooking charming views of scenery of the "Thousand Islands." I live out-doors most of the summer and spend a good deal of time in sketching, gardening, and also in my boat—being a very fair oarswoman—*i.e.*, I can row some miles without fatigue. This kind of relaxation keeps me so well and strong that I have never known what serious illness is, in spite of a good deal of close work, for which I cannot be too thankful. Indeed, I think I must be phenomenally healthy, when I see how many even younger women suffer from chronic ill-health. But all through life I can say that in many respects "the lines have fallen to me in pleasant places!" a recognition which is a constant stimulant to me to do all I can for those less favored ones whose life seems a struggle." And again speaking of a conflict between her literary and philanthropic work (she is almost as well-known for the latter as the former). "This," that is work in Relief, Missionary and Rescue Societies, "has prevented my doing as much literary work as I otherwise might have done, but it was *more necessary*." She is actively engaged as usual in literary work. A novel of hers called "Marjorie's Canadian Winter—A Story of the Northern Lights," is in press and another is shortly to be issued.

Not So Sure About It.

"Here's an item" ejaculated Mr. Billus, who was reading his newspaper, "about a superstitious crank that got up from the table rather than be one of thirteen at a supper."

"That reminds me John," said Mrs. Billus, "that there were just thirteen that sat down at our wedding supper."

"Well, it didn't bring anybody bad luck, did it?" growled the husband.

"No, I believe not. That is, none of the others."

Mrs. Billus stared abstractly at the "God Bless Our Home" on the wall, and Mr. Billus read his paper upside down in silence for the next ten minutes.

Christening Gifts.

For christening gifts silver is the usual offering. In lieu of the candle cup, which once was the invariable present from the god-parent, fashion has decreed the presentation of silver spoons; on each anniversary another spoon is sent, so that when the recipient has attained a round dozen of years he or she is in possession of just as many spoons. After the teaspoons have been exhausted tablespoons and forks may be given; if the girl remained unmarried beyond the usual marriageable period such a tax might become quite a tax upon the god-papa and god-mamma. As a boy is not supposed to have any use for such things, it is usual to present him with a gold coin on each anniversary with which to commence a bank account. The fashion is an excellent one and will commend itself to common sense people.

In His Own Terse Words.

Teacher (to Mickey) "Now Mickey, you read the lesson to me first and then tell me, with the book closed, what you read."

Mickey (reading) "See the cow. Can the cow run? Yes the cow can run. Can the cow run as swiftly as the horse No, the horse runs swifter than the cow." (Closing the book) "Get onto de cow. Kin her jig steps run? Be'cher'life she kin run. Kin de cow do up de horse a runnin'? Naw, de cow ain't in it wid de horse."

While We May.

The hands are such dear hands;
They are so full, they turn at our demands
So often; they reach out,
With trifles scarcely thought about,
So many times; they do
So very many things for me, to you—
If their fond wills mistake
We may well bend, not break.

They are such fond, frail lips
That speak to us. Pray if love strips
Them of deception many times,
Or if they speak too slow, or quick, such crimes
We may pass by; for we may see
Days not far off when those small words may be
Held not as slow, or quick, or out of place, but dear,
Because the lips are no more here.

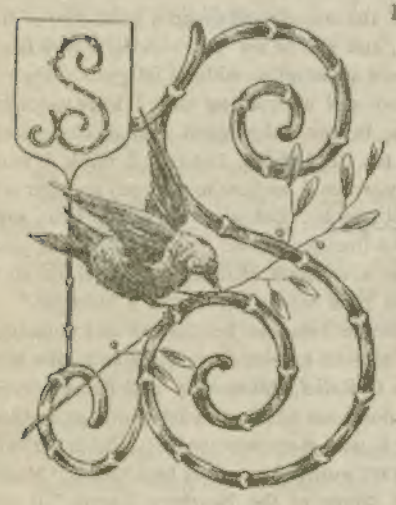
They are such dear, familiar feet that go
Along the path with ours—feet, fast or slow,
And trying to keep pace—if they mistake,
Or tread upon some flower that we would take
Upon our breast, or bruise some reed,
Or crush poor hope until it bleed,
We may be mute.
Not turning quickly to impute
Grave fault; for they and we
Have such a little way to go—can be
Together such a little while along the way,
We will be patient while we may,

So many little faults we find.
We see them; for not blind
Is love. We see them; but if you and I
Perhaps remember them some by and by,
They will not be
Faults then—grave faults—to you and me,
But just odd ways—mistakes, or even less—
Remembrances to bless,
Days change so many things—yes, hours,
We see so differently in suns and showers.
Mistaken words to-night
May be cherished by to-morrow's light,
We may be patient; for we know
There's such a little way to go.

Written for the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

"Gee Up."

CHAPTER I.—(*Continued.*)



HE turned to leave them, giving one glance at the dearly loved group. Gertrude's scared little face peering out from the blanket; Maggie's stolid figure, and little Jack awed and silent, holding tight to Maggie's skirt. She was nearly across when she turned again, and that little picture was always remembered, lighted up and tinted with the red glow. She thought Jack looked like a prince.

Only the third flat above in the far side had caught, the wind favoring them, but two more houses beyond were ablaze and excitement filled the air. Something too filled her veins, for she flew like the wind. She found their room as they had left it, but could not carry anything beside the painting, and that was very bulky and difficult to manage. She took it in her arms and struggled with the burden down one flight of stairs. There she met a young man from the top flat, whom she had often thought looked pleasant. He carried a small valise, which contained all his worldly belongings, but when he saw her he dropped it, calling:

"Oh, Mrs. Plater that is far too heavy for you. You must let me carry it," and he bodily captured the painting. "Come, there is no time to lose."

Alice hated to give up her burden, and almost felt jealous of the young man, but she realized that it was too much for her, so picking up his valise instead the two hurried down together.

They found difficulty in getting out with the painting. The street was almost full, and the firemen were bringing ropes and hose to their side. Men, women, and children stood packed together, a sea of faces watching the angry, curling flames roar and blaze with sickening frenzy. A well directed stream from the hose, and dull clouds of smoke darkened, for a moment, the lurid scene.

Alice looked eagerly for her group of loved ones. Although gone but a few moments the scene had changed and intensified, and she could not place them. Shifting her position and searching again, she finally discovered Maggie still holding her precious burden, looking first here and then there. Alice looked too, her heart rising tumultously to her throat, choking her. Fear and a mother's intuition sent the warm blood from her heart instantly—Jack, little Jack was gone! Everything turned dark for a moment, the kind young man and the painting were both utterly forgotten, and then with desperate energy she elbowed her way through the crowd who looked with kind curiosity at the blanched face.

"Maggie, Maggie, what is it? Where is he?" She can only plant one hasty kiss on little Gertrude's face, as she pleads to be taken.

"Indeed, m'am, I don't know. He was holdin' on tight as you bid him. I felt him and he kept saying, 'Maggie, do you see muzzer? Do you see muzzer? I wish her took me," and then the smoke was so black, no one could see. Some one jostled me and baby and nearly knocked us down, and when I looked Jack was no where. Indeed ma'am, I couldn't help it, I looked everywhere and called but no one answered." Here Maggie burst into hysterical weeping.

The noise and excitement made Alice's head reel. She wished so for her husband to take care of them, feeling helpless and hopeless in that great surging mass of humanity. All she longed for was to single out one little precious soul, and take it to her heart, but she could not. The cry went up of boy lost and every body looked but no one found. Finally Jack came, and, Alice, for the first time in her life, nearly fainted. He procured comfortable quarters for them and then began his weary search all through the streets to the police station and back again, but no little Jack. When he returned he found the fire out; four houses in smouldering ruins, but their own little quarters still safe. He took the weary ones home and found the rooms filled with dirty smoke, a little water in the front room, but most things just as they had left them. Only desolation reigned supreme and took complete possession of them all. Jack felt the utter uselessness of doing anything further that night, still he walked the streets looking anxiously in every yard, behind every gate as if he expected his baby to be sitting there waiting for him. Later on when the kind young man came to the door leaving the painting they had felt so happy over, he could scarcely feel glad or sufficiently grateful, but as he looked at it and saw his boy standing there so life like, he could not restrain the tears. He tried with poor success to comfort Alice and together they waited all during the night for news, but none came.

CHAPTER II.

Clinging tenaciously to Maggie's skirts, Jack needed no further bidding to remain where his mother had left them. Awed and silent they watched the brilliant scene, awaiting Alice's return.

Among the motley crowd assembled, stood Pete Olken, short and thick set, looking grim and dirty with his unshaven face. A steady run of hard luck had rather upset Pete's morals of late. He was a lazy fellow, belonging to the extensive Micawber family, although one of the more degenerate members. It seemed to him, looking at the handsome little Jack, that the auspicious occasion for which he had long been waiting, had at last 'turned up.' The idea forcibly took possession of him that this baby belonged in the elegant home which would soon be a pile of ashes. Not altogether a hard hearted man, he even gave a thought to the little boy with yellow hair he had lost himself. He assumed that the baby would never know if he were lost or stolen, and in the morning when a large reward was offered, by his parents, he would bring him to them with a little story of his own, and thus earn, without labor, a handsome sum. Possessed of this quickly evolved idea and not waiting for further deliberation, he proceeded to execute his little scheme, just as a full stream of water well applied killed the bright flames and a dull dense smoke arose. Quickly jostling Maggie, he threw his coat around Jack and disappeared in the darkness. It was several moments before the fire triumphantly lighted the streets again, and until then even Maggie had not noticed his absence.

Pete was well acquainted with all parts of New York, and he carefully picked his way in, around and about, until he came to a portion of the large city altogether different from that which they had left.

Little Jack commenced to realize that all was not as it should be and to cry bitterly. He wriggled and kicked and pleaded in wailing tones:

"Who is you? I want muzzer. Where is you tookin' me to?"

Pete quickly stopped this and silenced the child by frightening him nearly to death. After a long walk he came to the thickly populated, squalid district known as East River, and down near the water front entered a shabby looking house. He looked cautiously around the dimly lighted kitchen and called:

"Nance!"

Rather a cleanly, good-natured looking woman answered the summons. Eying his bundle curiously, she asked:

"What tricks be ye up to now, Pete?"

But when he unrolled the coat and deposited his precious burden, she actually stood aghast, feeling an almost superstitious fear as she gazed at the child. He looked, to the eyes used to homely things, like a spirit creation from another world. Little Jack was glad to be released and shied hastily over to Nance, who looked much kinder than black Pete. She had yellow hair like his mother.

"Is you Nance, won't you be good to me? I want muzzer, her will cry for me, I know her will. He," looking at Pete with terrorized face, "He hurt me and I don't like him." He clung to her skirts in a frantic fashion until she felt her heart go out to him.

"Now, young un, look here," said Pete. "that's alright, you shall see your mammy, only you got lost and I found you. I'll take you home to-morrow. How much will they think you worth. Your mammy is pretty rich, isn't she?"

"I didn't get lost. I catched Maggie's dress just as muzzer told me. I wouldn't let go for nofing and you loosed me, you did, I feeled you and my muzzer won't like you cause I'll tell her."

"Hold on kid, better wait till yer get her. You can talk a bit fer a little feller, can't yer. I didn't know sich babies could talk like grown folks. Better put him to bed Nance."

From the brief conversation Nance fully realized the situation and was wise enough to say nothing. She took the little boy in her lap and eyed him reverently. Her own child had died when about his size, and she thought perhaps as an angel in heaven he might have grown to look something like this wonderful child. In fact it seemed difficult for her to realize that Jack was only a plain mortal. He appeared so dainty, so beautiful in the homely kitchen with its rough surroundings. She eyed the pretty clothes, the fair skin and golden curls, and the light seemed to grow more dim yet, and she realized as never before what a dark, miserable hole that kitchen was. Nance thought he looked tired and weary and to take him from the much dreaded sight of Pete, she carried him up stairs; made for him a bed on the floor, taking her pillow and only shawl to make it nice.

Jack seemed to realize that Nance was kindly disposed and felt soothed when she told him he could see his mother on the morrow. Being very much worn out with such unusual excitement, and away from the fearful presence of Pete, he feebly said his little prayer and fell asleep holding Nance's hand.

Early the next day, Pete went out to find a morning paper. He could read tolerably well but Nance had never learned. His mood was very jovial as he sat down to hunt up news of his expected fortune. There was a half column of interest concerning the fire, and a short local item of a lost baby, the little son of Mr. Plater, an artist, who lived in one of the flats next the burned houses, but no mention was there of the anticipated reward.

Then Pete began to realize the extent of his mistake, but the handsome appearance of the child and his clothes had mislead him The result of these investigations caused an unpleasant reaction leaving the man in a disgusted and most disagreeable mood.

He failed to return home and kept Nance and her unhappy little charge in suspense all day. Jack would mourn for his muzzer and then Nance in her awkward fashion tried to amuse him. Orders had been issued "to keep him low," so taking one of her little dead babies' dresses she put it on Jack, much to his disgust, combed his fleecy curls all up in a knot, and tied a bonnet over his head to cover them.

Nance was not by any means a good woman; her associates were bad, and she loved her low, dissolute husband, and was even very much afraid of him, but in the presence of this child she could think of nothing bad. He prattled in his innocent way, often stopping to cry for his loved ones and she felt angry at her Pete, wishing the poor child home. She took his little coat and cap and tying them carefully in a piece of paper, laid them safely away.

When the day was ended Pete came staggering home, drunk and quarrelsome. Nance put the frightened baby upstairs, and alone he sobbed himself to sleep.

When her husband had become sober enough to credit any of his statements, Nance understood how, through his own stupidity, he had been "sold." Now the little child could tell his story in so straightforward a manner, he was almost afraid to take him home, and on the whole he had concluded to wait and see if anything further turned up. Nance prudently kept her ideas to herself. She knew, as he now felt, that words were worse than useless, So it happened that little Jack was kept a prisoner for days and weeks. He seemed never to overcome his fear and dislike of Pete and Nance, who had grown to be very fond of the child, contrived as much as possible to keep them apart.

Little Jack mourned and pined for his mother in a pitiful baby fashion. Sometimes on a bright sunny day, Nance would take him for a walk down by the river, dressed in her own dead baby's clothes, and it would have been difficult to recognize him.

(*To be Continued.*)

Our Weekly Sermons By Celebrated Divines.

Written specially for the Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

A Valiant Woman.

Who shall find a valiant woman? The price of her is as of things brought from afar off, and from the uttermost coasts. She hath opened her hand to the needy, and hath stretched out her hand to the poor. Her children rose up and called her blessed: Her husband and he praised her. The woman that feareth the Lord she shall be praised, give her of the fruit of her hands—and let her works praise her in the gates. Prov. xxxi.

Such, my dear brethren is the eulogy which the Holy Ghost himself passes upon a brave-hearted, holy woman; such is the pen-picture which the Divine Artist sketches of her character and her home. "She hath wrought by the counsel of her hands. She hath opened her mouth to wisdom, and the law of clemency is on her tongue." The light and joy of her household, she is the queen of her family. Prudent in speech and jealous in deed, she passes her life in the patient fulfilment of her holy vocation—a work given her by God to do, exalted in its dignity, sanctifying in its duties, ennobling in its merits—a work which if she faithfully perform she shall be praised in the gates of Paradise by the true spouse Jesus Christ—and her children then around her throne shall rise up and call her blessed. The Catholic Church too, the noble protection of right and guardian of society recognizing this sacred vocation sings within the gates of her sanctuary, the praises of her female saints who in every age and every land have adorned the thrones of earthly kingdoms as well as the houses of the poor—sings the praises of these valiant women, the Christian mothers, who are the pearls of her crown—and the praises of that beautiful generation of chaste maidens whose memory she deems immortal. If we examine the Roman Breviary we see what a glory these saints have given to the Church, what models to countless souls, what noble aid they have lent the great work of redemption and sanctification. And it is for the encouragement of such as these that we are assembled this evening. And I come to you in all confidence; for I am not appealing to strangers on behalf of strangers. I am appealing to you, dearly beloved people of St. Basil's, that as in all things you abound in faith and word and knowledge, and all carefulness; moreover also in your charity towards us, towards this Church and our community, in this grace of aid to the good ladies of the Sewing Society, this grace of kindness and alms to the poor, our heavenly Father's petted children, whom in his love and mercy he has left to our charge—I appeal to you that in this grace also you may abound. Wherefore beseeching you to show to them, in the sight of the churches, the evidence of your charity, I address you upon woman's work in the Church.

The saving quality of Society is stability; we must be quite confident that the house in which we dwell can stand the storms and ravages of time, and for this purpose it must be built upon a rock;

for if there be shifting sand beneath it cracking timber and disastrous ruin will be the only result. Now one of the great cornerstones of Society is marriage. And when marriage is firmly established; when that contract is rendered so binding that neither party can break it; while at the same time the mutual relations of husband and life are placed upon a proper footing—there and then only is stability assured to the family and woman's dignity asserted and confirmed. But what was marriage among the pagans? It was free love, a state so degrading that the question could not be discussed in such a sacred place as this. And woman in the pagan world was ever degraded—the slave of man—of his avarice, his pride and his passion. Even Greece and Rome with all their enlightenment looked upon her only as the mother of soldiers or the hand-maid of caprice. And Moses the great lawgiver of the Israelites had to permit divorce. It was not till our blessed Lord came that woman received the honor due her. He it was, was the resurrection of the world, who placed her upon her throne, and clothed her with the robe of his sanctifying grace, and crowned her with his light divine, and placed upon her finger the ring of his purifying love, the pledge of her everlasting espousals; it was Jesus Christ, the Man God who formed that valiant woman who would be to him what the bride is to the bridegroom, the mirror of his perfections, the helpmate of his work, the mother of that race in which there is neither male or female, neither bound nor free, but Christ is all in all.

The first whom he thus raised to the highest of all created thrones, the valiant woman by excellence, is his own blessed mother. It is well not to let the occasion pass, the last Sunday of her month, when countless children throughout the Church are doing her honor, to pay some tribute to the Holy Virgin; it is well when considering woman's work in the reparation of our race to regard first of all her who was the great handmaid of the Lord in the mystery of the incarnation and the work of the redemption. What would this earth be without Mary, the ever blessed Mother of God? A region peopled with uncrowned, degraded, captive souls. What has she been to the earth? What the dawn is to the poor sick sufferer tossing all night upon his sleepless bed; what the first refreshing draught is to the parched and fevered lips; what the first word of pardon is to the guilty. All this and more is Mary to poor humanity. Who then shall find this valiant woman; this woman, better and more precious than all else, looked for through all the night of four thousand years; seen in the figures and the songs and the prophecies of the old dispensation. She comes from those unexplored regions where heaven and earth are mingled in the dazzling brightness of one horizon; like the holy city of the New Jerusalem, she "cometh down from God out of heaven prepared as a bride for her husband." Beautiful as the moon in her silver reflection of the glories and merits of Jesus; bright as the sun in her indissoluble connection with the Incarnate Word; conceived without sin, called to be the Mother of God, strong and fair, with more than heroic virtues, assumed into heaven, she is the queen of Christ's Kingdom; the queen standing on the King's right hand. And all her children have risen up and called her blessed—blessed for the graces and glories which adorn her, blessed because she is the Mother of God, blessed, too, for the part which she takes in the work of the redemption. Consider her as child or mother. Contemplate her in the temple, at Nazareth, with her cousin Elizabeth, at Bethlehem, on Calvary. Is she not the valiant woman? Valiant in her patience and charity, valiant in her obedience, but most valiant in her purity and humility. But her work was not yet done when, after preparing her son for burial and having seen him laid in the tomb she waited and hailed Him in His glory on Easter morn. While standing by the cross she had received a new motherhood—all the disciples of Jesus were to be her children—and, valiantly through the centuries she has performed her part. Powerful as an army in battle array her omnipotent intercession has overcome all error; her mighty strength has ever crushed the head of the serpent. What treasures she possesses, and with what a motherly heart she dispenses them. "Counsel and equity are mine; prudence is mine. With me are riches and glory, glorious riches and justice. For my fruit is better than gold and precious stone and my blossoms than choice silver." Ever does she fill sinners with confidence and crown saints with perseverance. Such is the blessed Mother of God, the valiant woman by excellence, whose praise is sung by the whole Church—"our life, our sweetness and our hope."

Mary is the model of all Christian mothers who, in their turn, have won honor for their piety and charity. To them the inspired writer refers; they, too, are brave-hearted. O, if there is a name which is enshrined in the heart of man, if there is a name dearer than all others, if there is a name which soothes the troubled, which encourages the weak and calls back the erring, it is the name of mother. What power it has! Long after the gentle one who bore it is still, long after her form has vanished forever, this sacred name, like some refreshing breeze from the sea, comes back upon the wings of memory, bearing the freshness of childhood to our world-troubled soul. O, my dear brethren, when we think of her, our memory goes back to other years, when her knee was the first school of prayer, the first seminary of virtue—there we learned to lisp the sacred names of Jesus and Mary; there we learned to avoid sin and to love God.

Read the lives of the saints and learn how the valiant women, the heroines of religion, have sanctified their children. Look at the noble mother of the Macchabees who, says the inspired writer, was to be admired above measure, who beheld her seven sons slain in the space of one day, and bore it with good courage, for the hope that she had in God—and she bravely exhorted every one of them in her own language, being filled with wisdom; and joining a man's heart to a woman's thoughts: "My son, have pity upon me that loved thee and nourished thee and brought thee up into this age; I beseech my son look upon heaven and earth and all that is in them; and consider that God made them out of nothing, and mankind also. So thou shalt have no fear of this tormenter." Thus did this brave woman address her children. And last of all, after her sons, the mother also was consumed. Look at that Christian mother, St. Felicitas, who, when asked by the persecutor to have pity upon her seven children, told him: "Your pity is vain." Then turning to her children she addressed them: "Look up to heaven, my dear children; there Jesus is awaiting you with His saints. Fight for your souls, and show yourselves faithful in the love of Christ." St. Clotilde, Queen of France, by her piety toward her husband, Clovis, turned him from his idols and converted him to Christianity. St. Ethelbert of Kent was converted by the piety of his wife Bertha. St. Basil the Great was sanctified by his mother, St. Emmelia, and he testifies that during his whole life he never forgot the strong impressions of piety which her exhortations and example made upon his tender mind. Call to mind the history of St. Monica, the most valiant mother of Christ's most valiant champion, St. Augustine. For twenty years, with tears and prayers, she followed him while he strayed still farther in the tangle-wood of pride and heresy and the meshes of immorality. At last he returned and gave himself up entirely to God, to overcome the Donatist heresy, to be the great Bishop of Hippo and mighty doctor of the West. That mother's work was done; she had converted her family; she longed to die. But her work remains; the light which, by her prayers, she kindled in Augustine's soul still burns throughout the Church, and even in our own times it was a ray from his brilliant torch that showed Cardinal Newman the truth of the Catholic Church.

Perhaps, my dear friends, some mother amongst you may, like Monica, have to mourn the waywardness of your boy. Like her, make it your life's work to win him back. Let no distance, no length of time dishearten you. Like her your faith and prayers will yet triumph, and you will be doubly a mother to your son, bringing him forth for heaven.

I have not time to trace for you those domestic virtues and duties, the practice and fulfilment of which make home a home. Tell me not that some of them are degrading or beneath your

J. R. Tiefy

dignity. Whatsoever you do in the grace of God giveth glory to your eternal Father: how, therefore, can it dishonor you? Tell me not that the daily routine of these duties is so wearisome that you fain would seek consolation in trifles or more exciting work. Thank God the desire of appearing upon public platforms has not yet taken hold of Catholic women: if, perhaps, we except a poor stray nun here and there. Your husband's place may be the forum; but yours is certainly the family hearth. There by your faithful example, by your prudent counsel, by your kind encouragement, you will prepare your husband or your children to take their place amongst the princes of the people; you will teach them to carry out with more generosity and force of character the holy principles of their faith, and thereby you will have a more lasting influence over society, and do more to develop the institutions of your country than by making a speech or registering a vote. Be it yours therefore to practice those domestic virtues, to fulfil those domestic duties which will ever bring sunlight and joy to your home. Above all be it yours to foster in the hearts of your boys any signs of a priestly vocation which your motherly instinct may discover, that some day or other he may remember you at the altar of God. And doing all this with God's grace in your heart and resignation in your soul, you will still have ample opportunity in accordance with your position as wife and mother to stretch out your hand to the needy and open it to the poor. Leave, therefore, your comfortable homes: go to the hospitals of suffering and the hovels of poverty. Smooth down the pillow of the poor with your gentleness, melt the ice round the frozen heart with the warmth of your sympathy. Like Veronica wipe the dust of sin and the blood of suffering from the brow when none other than woman dare approach, and all around are mocking and unsympathetic. Like Dorcas let your life be full of good works and almsdeeds. Like St. Elizabeth of Hungary, carry bread to the poor and see the loaves change to undying flowers in your heavenly wreath.

Such, my dear brethren, is the mother's work. Ever keeping her supreme love for Jesus Christ, by her prayers and example she diffuses that love upon her earthly spouse and her children. Her husband's companion in prosperity, his support in adversity, she sheds the light of God over home, where as queen she reigns with clemency and prudence. Her children, not only upon earth, but when gathered about her in heaven rise up and call her blessed, they bless her for having given them birth and nourished them, but especially for the prayers she said, for the example she set and the help she gave them in saving their souls.

Who shall find a valiant woman? Go look for them now not in Christian homes, nor clad in the fashion of the world. Go seek them on the battle-field by the side of the wounded. Is the south stricken by a plague? These women are there boldly facing death and gently ministering to the wants of the dying. You will find them in the poor houses where they are mothers to orphans; you will find them in the homes of refuge tending to the world-beaten waifs cast upon the shore by the storms of life. Need I mention their name? You know it well, the world knows it; for the fortitude, the self-sacrifice of the Sisters of Charity have been praised in every age and in every clime. These are the valiant women who have trodden the world under foot; who have left their fathers' house and have forgotten their fathers' people and have espoused Jesus Christ. Their hands are indeed stretched out to the needy and opened to the poor. Truly they are Sisters of Charity of that holy love of God which stoops from the height of heaven down to man in his want and misery, raising him up and caring for him until it wraps him in the everlasting embrace of heavenly bliss. They are sisters of that powerful love which is stronger than death and always rejoices in work, and wherever you find the Catholic Church, you find monuments of the deeds of zeal and self-denial of these valiant women whom the Church esteems so highly and guards so jealously.

Such is woman's work. Following, it may be afar off, yet following the footsteps of the first and greatest of valiant women, the Blessed Virgin, they are handmaids of the Lord. To their work as to all other comes the end. The activity which the Christian mother and the sister of charity have spent in doing good, the virtues they have practised, the busy life led in the service of God and their neighbor is, crowned at last, by their canonization on the domestic hearth. Their children rise up and cry to God, to Jesus the judge and spouse of the soul—give her, our mother, our sister of charity, give her the fruits of her hands and "let her works praise her in the gates." Give to her the fruits of her watchings, her prayers, her works—the harvest of her piety, her charity and her mercy. Let her works be declared in the assembly of the blessed, and let that life receive from the hands of God the everlasting rest and crown which it so well deserves.

Wherefore, dearly beloved, by the memory of the Blessed Virgin whose month is now closing, by the memory of your own mother, I beseech you to help the good ladies of this Society that their field of work may be extended, that by our aid more poor may be relieved, more souls taught to love and serve God. Therefore show to them in the sight of the Churches, the evidence of your charity, and God will reward you, the poor will bless you, and the ladies now through me return their thanks to you.

Rev. R. Tiefy, B. A.

The Rev. R. Tiefy, B.A., Father Superior of St. Michael's (Roman Catholic) College, Toronto, was born at Richmond Hill, country of York, Ontario, Aug. 21st, 1848. He was educated at the University of Toronto from which he graduated in 1871. After graduating, Father Tiefy taught in Hamilton Collegiate Institute and other secondary schools of the province. He then entered the grand seminary at Montreal, where he studied theology. In June 1878, he was ordained a priest, and immediately attached to St. Michael's College, Toronto, as Professor of Mathematics. Professor Tiefy's high attainments in 1889, led to his appointment as Father Superior of the college. He is held in high esteem by both Protestants and Catholics, and is deservedly one of the most popular of the priesthood. As a member of the Senate and Examiner at the University of Toronto he is widely known among those connected with that institution. Familiar to all professors, graduates, and even the callow under-graduates, is the kindly humor of Father Tiefy. He is a scholar in every sense of the word and wields, and will we trust long continue to wield, a wide and beneficent influence.

EDITOR.

In this series have already appeared:

Dec. 26th, 1891	:	Rev. Benjamin Thomas, D.D., Toronto.
Jan. 2nd, 1892	:	Rev. Chas. Mockridge, D.D., Toronto.
" 9th, "	:	Rev. Hugh Johnston, D.D., Toronto.
" 16th, "	:	Rev. W. S. Ramsford, D.D., New York.
" 23rd, "	:	Rev. Joseph Wild, D.D., Toronto.
" 30th, "	:	Rev. S. M. Milligan, B.A., Toronto.
Feb. 6th, "	:	Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, Toronto.
" 13th, "	:	Rev. Prof. Clarke, F.R.S.C., Toronto.
" 20th, "	:	Rev. S. P. Rose, Montreal.
" 27th, "	:	Rev. John Walsh, D.D., Toronto.
March 5th, "	:	Rev. Wm. Cochran, D.D., Brantford, Ont.
" 12th, "	:	Rev. H. F. Bland, Quebec.
" 19th, "	:	Rev. James Watson, Huntington.
" 26th, "	:	Rev. Manly Benson, Toronto.
April 2nd, "	:	Rev. John Burton, M.A., B.D., Toronto.
" 9th, "	:	Rev. W. T. McMullen, D.D. Woodstock.
" 16th, "	:	Rev. Septimus Jones, M.A. Toronto.
" 23rd, "	:	Rev. James Henderson, M.A., Toronto.

CRITICAL FRIEND.—Your portrait is very correct, but I don't exactly like the expression.

MR. CRŒSUS.—That couldn't be helped. I was fool enough to ask the artist his rates before the last sitting.

Written for the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

The Rescue Home.

Opening my mail this morning I see something bright. Among the blues and greys and browns of the magazines and the dead white of the papers and letters, there is a glint of something gaily colored. Just a minute or two first for a letter that "belongs" that has been too eagerly watched for to be kept waiting, and I am ready for the pretty visitor. Looking closely I see it is only the lettering on the cover that has attracted me, the background is dark enough. The crimson and gold letters read "Fair Canada's dark side." In one corner under a gas jet a woman is talking earnestly with hand extended in warning to a group of gaily attired young girls. In another a fast looking young fellow with a cigar in his mouth is chatting to some rakish looking companions. At the bottom of the page a policeman is bending over what seems to be the dead body of a poor wretched woman. The central picture is a rum bottle, a foaming mug of beer, some glasses of wine, tobacco pipes and a Jack of cards. So prepared, I am not surprised to find it is a report of the Rescue Home for women and children, by the Salvation Army in Toronto. The writing on the title page, To Mrs.——from Blanch Reed, Rescue secretary, is not needed to recall the gentle, earnest, sensible-looking woman who walked quietly into the drawing room of my country home some weeks ago to tell me something of the life she was leading, of the work she and others like her were doing. She told me many stories of those whom they had helped to a better life. Of some, alas—many, weakly dropping back to the old evil life. She spoke of scenes of misery, suffering, poverty, filth and degradation, daily witnessed. The little book gives but a glimpse of it. Of the many sad histories of poor foolish young girls tempted to sin, allured by a longing to escape the often hard lot of domestic service. Sometimes sheer loneliness driving them into company where there is only evil. The downward road is so easy. The sad ending all too sure. Thrown on the streets, no home, no friends, starving for bread, awfully alone. What is there but drink to forget it all? Then the police cell, then—Oh thank God for it, then, a woman's out-stretched hand, a welcoming smile, a loving, pitying word, and the poor wretched outcast is fed, and cleansed, and comforted, and cared for. This is the work of the Rescue Home. It is however but one part of the undertaking. The Home is a training institute as well, the inmates have to go through a course of house-keeping, become proficient in cooking, laundry work, sewing and nursing. Thus qualified, they are ready for another duty, visiting when they are needed. Strange visitors these, cheerful, helpful, undismayed, in scenes of misery and vice too degraded for description. Generally one or both parents slaves to the deadly soul and body destroyer. Unwholesome looking starved, ragged children, the mother sometimes raving in the delirium of drink, often stretched, hopelessly intoxicated, dirty, loathsome, in an atmosphere redolent of disease and impurities—a spectacle too revolting for aught but the tender, ministering care of these sisters of mercy. They are great believers in the doctrine of cleanliness, and the first step is generally a bath all around. Then water, soap and scrubbing brush in these capable hands and for the first time the wretched place has the semblance of a home. Nursed and cared for, no hard words for her, only pitying tenderness, the vilest outcast must surely believe in the love which can still hold out the hope of a turning from evil, of a better, happier life even for her.

And then the children!

They look up with their pale and sunken faces
And their look is dread to see
For they mind you of the angels in high places,
With eyes turned on Deity.

"How long" they say, "How long, oh cruel nation
Will you stand to move the world in a child's heart,
Stifled down with a mailed heel with palpitation
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?"

"Our blood splashes upward, oh gold-heaper!
And your purple shows your path,
But the child's sob in the silence
Curses deeper than the strong man in his wrath."

"After all" Mrs. Reed said, "It is with the children our great successes are hoped for. If we could only take the children. We have room for a dozen or so and we could fill Eaton's. It breaks our hearts," she went on, "to turn away poor, pinched, famished little waifs, homeless or worse, no company but the vilest, no teaching but to do evil. Profanity, impurities of thought and action always before their eyes and in their hearing, many of them suffering from painful diseases and wounds, all of them neglected and totally uncared for."

"What hinders?"

"Just the want of means, if we only had the money to take a big house, we could fill it in a week. There is scarcely a day passes we have not to turn away one or more of these little ones, we could give them a good chance of becoming useful, happy citizens, we send them away only to swell the great criminal class, the curse of our christianity."

They once had a drunkard's home too.

"It is very necessary," my visitor said, "to be able to separate unfortunates into different classes. We are so hampered when they are all together, we did do good work when we had this department we were the means of restoring more than one woman and their homes and in cases where the habit is not of long standing, we succeeded fairly well. But we had to give it up and it has never been resumed for want of means."

These women are giving themselves to this life of service. It means for them the sacrifice of home enjoyments, family ties and the pleasures of social intercourse. They get but the barest living. Their house is only plainly furnished. No luxuries or refinements. Their toil unremitting, daily forced to witness scenes of vice and misery, little that is pleasant, much that is discouraging, but with all a consciousness that they are obeying the command: "Feed the hungry, clothe the naked, minister to the sick and in prison." Willing to spend and be spent for others, only seeking the reward of seeing poor wanderers straying along the dark paths that lead to death, turned into the safe path leading to a better life here, and on to the presence of Him who said to such, "Go and sin no more, neither do I condemn thee." To us as well as them was given the solemn charge. We cannot perhaps just in this way care for the needy, but we can give of our means, giving more scope to existing enterprises. There are many philanthrophic plans in successful operation. This is but one field. There are faithful laborers many busy with plans for the elevation of fallen humanity. I wish them all God-speed, but oh, mothers as you gather your own precious little band around you to-night, when you look at the bright happy faces, so secure in your home, with sweet boundless confidence in "mother's power" to soothe all griefs and set right all troubles, when thanking the Good Giver for the crowning joy of motherhood, think of these unhappy neglected little waifs, shrinking from the blow and the curse that means mother to them. There are loving hearts ready to care for, feed, clothe and teach them. Go and see the rosy, happy little group and see for yourselves what might be a blessed fate in store for every outcast, homeless and hungry little waif to-night.

Now tell the poor young children, oh, my brothers,
To look up to Him and pray
For the blessed One who blesseth all the others
Will bless them another day.

The little report is most tastefully presented in a neat and attractive form. It is issued by the War Cry Publishing Co. Buy it.

BEATA.

Society Doings.

Dresses at the Horse Show.

We have reproduced a page of sketches by our artist of some of the more striking dresses worn at Grand's Horse Show last week. Most of the costume makers and ladies' tailors have been busy for the past few weeks in preparing, shall we say building, dresses to be worn at this long looked forward-to event, and the sudden change in the weather must have caused many a sigh of disappointment from fair lips as the owners donned the dainty dresses, only to be covered by macintoshes and wraps of all descriptions. The weather was cold, too, and wraps could not be left off, even when inside the huge canvas tent in which the show was held; though here and there glimpses of the half hidden toilettes could be seen. In the way of hats, several of the latest Parisian style, the "jam-pot" were to be seen and a very pretty and effective summer hat this shape makes; and though they were trimmed in many different styles, they looked equally effective in all. Numbering the dresses in the order in which they appear on the page, the first is in striped bedford cord profusely trimmed with passementerie, and the collar, part of the sleeve and edging round the skirt is of velvet. The sleeve to this dress is very pretty and is a noticeable feature of the dress. Altogether it was a very pretty costume and was made by W. M. Stitt & Co., as were three of the other dresses shown, No's 4-5 and 8. The jacket, No. 2 is very quiet, but with plenty of style, and is named by the makers (Stovel & Co.,) the Grenadier Guards jacket, the braiding being an exact copy of that forming the uniform of this regiment. The back of this jacket is also braided to match the proper uniform but this braiding, of course is not shown in the sketch. The jacket No. 3 is a change from the popular build of boxcloth jackets being double breasted, but with only one row of large pearl buttons, the centre being formed by a strap seam, which takes the place of the 2nd row. The seams are strapped all over, and we can congratulate the wearer on having chosen a style most in keeping with the show. This was also made by Stovels as were the costumes No's. 6 and 7. We saw several of the new loose straight backed box coats worn, but our artist did not sketch one. He says it is impossible to make one look well in a sketch, and we are inclined to agree with him and go further and say that we never saw one that looked well out of a sketch.

The costume No. 4 was made in grey, with grey blue velvet to match for the upper part of the bodice and sleeves. The trimming was gold passementerie, and the cords to the bodice were of gold as also the lacings to the sleeves. No. 5 is a whole backed coat of white beaver cloth, the noticeable feature in which are the large velvet lapels and collar falling right over the shoulders. The cuffs and pockets are also of velvet and only one row of buttons is used, although it is a double breasted coat. No. 6 is the most quiet and yet stylish and effective costume we saw worn. It is made throughout with the exception of the waist coat in dark blue serge of a very stylish cut. This would have rather a dull effect but for the relief afforded by the waistcoat which is of scarlet with military trimmings and forms a very pretty set off to the whole dress. The hat worn with this was black and had a profusion of tips as trimming, what number had been used we should be almost afraid to hazard at a guess. No. 7 was worn by a well known lady from Chatham, and though perfectly plain had an effect than can only be given by a well made tailor built gown. The material was a fawn colored cheviot and the hat worn with it, in dark brown velvet and ribbon matching the color of the dress, gave a charming finish to the whole costume. No. 8 was a dress of quite another character, made in brocaded India silk, sleeves full down to the elbows and the draping of the material, especially round the hips being new and effective. A handsome fringe was attached both in front and at the back.

We have several other costumes sketched but want of space prevents their insertion this week. They will appear, with descriptions in our next number.

MRS. CHARLES SHEARD, wife of one of Toronto's most successful physicians, gave a lovely "At Home" at her residence, Jarvis street, last Saturday. Mrs. Sheard, her clever husband, and her charming little family are pleasant to know and good to look at.

***

THE Arlington Hotel, at the corner of King and John streets, has housed some very stylish people this season, and they have had a great deal of quiet fun. I am told that Mrs. T. J. McIntyre has left there lately, and takes up housekeeping at 23 Cecil street next month. What a nice house that will be to visit at those, who have the *entree* can best understand.

***

MISS AGNES KNOX, our lady professor at the University, has come back to us after a tour in Scotland. Numbers of the students have expressed to me their delight in Miss Knox's method of imparting knowledge, and this is only another verification of the fact when women *can* teach they are worshipped by their scholars as men professors never are. Miss Knox, "divinely tall and most divinely fair," is in her perfect element discoursing of what and how to read.

***

KING and Yonge streets were crowded on Sunday afternoon, the occasion being to see the "Kilties" on their march to service at St. Andrew's Church. They made a very fine show, and although nearly all of them are recruits Col. Davidson has cause to congratulate himself on the smartness of their turnout. They were accompanied by the bands of the Grenadiers and the Queen's Own, and already boast a company of twelve pipers of their own. Although the music of the pipes may not be readily appreciated by many ears it has a very martial and inspiring effect when leading as fine a regiment as that of the Highlanders.

***

IN spite of the unfavorable weather last Thursday there was a large and fashionable assembly to see the Horse Show, which was held on the deserted play-ground of the dear old Upper Canada College. Where the boys played cricket and ran the annual races last summer were reared long, narrow canvas stables, with innumerable stalls, in each of which, with his name on a card over his little chamber, stood a lovely horse. Brown faces and black, grey and chestnut, faces with a pretty white parting of silky hair down the centre, with sometimes a star only of white on the forehead, with gentle or tempersome or proud brown eyes looked fiercely or lovingly down on many a timid admirer as she passed by on her way to the mammoth canvas-covered ring, round which clustered most of the youth, beauty and wealth of the Queen City. There were old ladies and young, parsons, doctors, lawyers and all the rest of it. Here sat a stately blonde beauty with a long-handled eye-glass and a queenly carriage of the head—Mrs. Dickson, of Niagara. There a petite and dainty dame, with an aureole of golden brown hair and a bright smile for her many friends—Mrs. James Crowther, of Bloor street west. Near by a winsome little lady, with merry black eyes, and a great admiration for the pretty horses—Mrs. A. W. Croil, of Simcoe street. A little further away, a trim, slight *demoiselle*, whose *fiance*, handsome and dignified, manipulated the ribbons over a pair of handsome bays—Miss Frances Smith, of Rosemount, Bloor street. There a Frenchman and his pretty foreign wife, who must have thought of her own vast Parisian hippodrome, where 10,000 "Bravos" rend the air at once on gala nights.

Not one half of that number, of course, were under the canvas on Thursday night, but even four thousand can make a respectable appearance on occasion. The extreme dampness of the atmosphere made it necessary that many a *chic* costume should lie *perdu* under a cosy wrap, but occasional glimpses of beauty caught my eye. The Misses Beatty of the Queen's Park looked stylish and charming; Mrs. E. King Dodds and the Misses Dodds are still in mourning for their late bereavement. A very swell party from Hamilton occupied a conspicuous box, and thoroughly entered into the sport. These were Mr. and Mrs. Hendrie, Miss Hendrie, and Miss Gartshore, who are all born horse-lovers. Mr. Allan McLean Howard had a bevy of fair ladies under his care. They were quite jubilant when Mr. Ballard gained second prize for black Kate, Mr. Howard's neat mare, in the jumping contest. Mrs. James Carruthers took a knowing survey of the horses as they circled round the oval. What Mrs. Carruthers misses, when criticising a horse is very hard to discover. She is a graceful and fearless rider, and looks her best when managing a tricksey or troublesome steed. When the driving of pairs began, we had a lot of our favorite society men to bet on—Colonel Otter, in the well known yellow Gladstone was a prime favorite, everyone that knows him likes him, Major Harrison, with his lovely silvering hair, and black moustache, carried lots of good wishes, but we know we mustn't fall in love with *him*. Mr. Dean was perfect, his ease and imperturbability were positively delightful. Colonel Stanley captured the second prize, with great eclat. And then we had great fun over the judges' uncertainty between our own Colonel Otter, and young Lally McCarthy who sat so erect and drove fast and deftly around the pillars, turning marvellous corners with consummate skill. Colonel Otter bested him though "Lally" made several conquests and more than one rosebud mouth pouted and called the judges "mean old things" which was a naughty libel on Messrs Patteson, and Torrance, and Dr. McLean, of Meaford, who did their very prettiest to be just and generous together. Beside the stylish folk mentioned, I noticed Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty, Mr. Harry Wyatt, Mr. W. E. Burritt, Mr. A. P. Burritt, Mrs. and Miss Hugh McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. James B. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Vankoughnet, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Cox, Mrs. Bendelari, the Misses Arthurs, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. J. Stanton King, Mr. and Mrs. Josh Beard, Mr. and Mrs. C. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Jones. Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Hon. Frank Smith and Miss Smith, Judge Morson, Mr. and Mrs. R. Northcote, Colonel Gzowski, and so many others that space fails to enumerate them.

JEAN
COSTUMES
WORN AT
THE HORSE SHOW

Fashions.

"What we really want is advice."—RUDYARD KIPLING.

Address letters relating to this department to Editor "Fashions" Ladies' Pictorial Weekly, etc.

Gloves.

Gloves are a very important part of the attire, both of men and women, but more particularly of the latter. Ill-fitting gloves, minus a button or two, and with holes or marks of wear unmended, are certainly very unseemly, and mar the appearance of the woman whose toilette in all other respects is perfect.

The use of gloves in England dates only from the end of the tenth or beginning of the eleventh century, and at that time the manufacture of them was almost entirely in Germany. "Five pair of gloves," we read, "made a considerable part of the duty paid to our English sovereign, Ethelred II. (976-1016), by a society of German merchants for the protection of their trade in this country, a proof of their great rarity."

The long kid glove came into use in the reign of Charles II., when very short sleeves were worn by ladies. Evelyn mentions gloves trimmed with lace in a description of a toilette, and a contemporary poet says:

Some of the chicken skin for night,
To keep her hands plump, soft and white.

In the sixteenth century gloves were very usual New Year's gifts. Sir Thomas More, as Lord Chancellor, decided in favor of Mrs. Croaker, in a suit against Lord Arundel. In token of her gratitude, Mrs. Croaker presented Sir Thomas, on New Year's Day, with a pair of gloves lined with forty pounds in "angels." "It would he against good manners," said the Chancellor, "to refuse a lady's New Year's gift, and I accept the gloves; the lining you can bestow elsewhere."

This practice originated with the old custom of presenting a pair of gloves to any one who undertook a cause for you; and when the price of the gloves was too high for all who wished to bestow them, money was given instead, called "glove-money." Hence the origin of the well-known term.

Dr. Brewer tells us *re* this custom: "The gift of a pair of gloves was at one time a perquisite of those who performed small services, such as pleading your cause, arbitrating your quarrel, or showing you some favor which could not be charged for. As the services became more important the glove was 'lined' with money, or made to contain some coin called 'glove-money.' Relics of this ancient custom still prevail in the presentation of gloves to those who attend weddings and funerals, and in the claim of a lady who chooses to salute a gentleman caught napping in her company. In 'The Fair Maid of Perth,' by Sir Walter Scott, Catherine steals from her

NOVEL WRAP.

chamber on St. Valentine's morn, and, catching Henry Smith asleep, gives him a kiss. The glover says to him: "Come into the booth with me, my son, and I will furnish thee with a fitting theme. Thou knowest the maiden who ventures to kiss a sleeping man wins of him a pair of gloves.' (Chap. V.). In the next chapter Henry presents the gloves, and Catherine accepts them."

In "The Antiquary" Sir Walter Scott says that the phrase "right as my glove" comes from the custom of pledging a glove as the sign of irrefragable faith.

The expression, "He bit his glove," is synonymous to a resolution on mortal revenge. To bite the glove was considered on the border a pledge of deadly vengeance:

Stern Rutherford right little said,
But bit his glove and shook his head.
—Lay of the Last Minstrel.

In olden times judges on the bench were not allowed to wear gloves, so that the custom arose when there was an assize without a criminal to present the judge with a pair of white gloves. It was a symbol that he need not come to the bench, and might wear gloves. The clerk of assize and judges' officers have on the same occasion money given to them, and this is called "glove silver." In a maiden circuit in Scotland white gloves are always given to the judges.

Gloves are never worn in the presence of royalty, as a proof that unarmed and ungloved with gauntlets, we have no hostile intentions.

Fashion's Dictates.

To dress becomingly, every one must know what suits her own figure, and dress accordingly. Draperies are the appanage of small busts, and would be very unbecoming to large ones; for the latter, a plain close-fitting bodice, prettily embroidered, or trimmed with jet or velvet is the best to wear; corselets are suited to tall and delicate figures; checkered materials are good for slim figures; while stripes make the short woman look taller, and round bodices with the skirts hooked upon them are becoming to everyone. Hooks and eyes, together with "stick-pins" have largely superseded buttons and button-holes on dresses that are not tailor made. Hooks and eyes generally come unclasped in a very provoking manner, but this is wholly obviated by arranging the hooks and eyes in alternation on both clasping edges. Dressmakers now put large hooks on the belts of all waists and basques, which hook into eyes on the belts of the skirts; this sustains the weight and also keeps the skirt from sagging.

It is much to be regretted that pointed toed shoes and boots are again fashionable; but sensible people need not follow this hurtful and uncomfortable fashion, for common-sense toes and low heels are always to be had. Shoes have superseded boots for all dressy occasions; they come up well on the instep, and through dainty open-work, show the embroidered stocking. These shoes come only with pointed toes and high heels. Gaiters may be purchased to wear with Oxford ties, the uppers are provided in all colors, and since it is so fashionable to have the foot-gear match the costume, one can purchase gaiters to match one's dresses and wear them with a pair of black Oxford ties, and thus be in the fashion without incurring any great expense.

IT is a very commendable thing, no doubt, for a donkey to endeavor to talk himself horse.

"OH, will she smi-hi-hile upon my suit?" he sang.

"She will if you wear them clothes," said his old-fashioned grandmother, with a glance at his spring outfit.

Novel Wrap.

A young chaperon at Newport wore a wonderful velvet wrap that was reckoned as one of the triumphs of a magnificent trousseau. The wrap is a cape of black velvet that reaches to her knees, and is from throat to bottom hem stiffened with a brocading of jet that seems as fine cut as sand, and is sunk deep in the velvet pile, from which it sends out a brilliant sparkling. In place of the ordinary high collar of velvet that encircles the throat of these wraps, a series of coque feathers, silken sheened, glowing with vivid colors, and glittering with a light sprinkling of jet, curl up around the throat. Under the chin the feathers curl like tiny fern fronds, that grow longer under the ears, higher and higher at the back, till two tall, splendid stiff plumes nod their curled points on a level with the top of the wearer's dainty head. The effect of this uncommon collar is enchanting, for every feather shows to best a dvantage, an set in their midst the head gains additional grace of pose. Coque feathers laid flat on the velvet run down the front of the cape in broad bands, and jetted coque feathers finish off the cuffs.

IN trimming jet is decidedly pre-eminent; there are other garnitures of metal, and also a thick guipure—like passementerie—which is outlined with picot gold braid; brochet gimps in white, black and ecru are also stylish. Deep rain fringes are used, and also looped fringes, in which jet, pearl or gold beads are strung upon a heavy thread, and looped or festooned at regular intervals upon a length of silk braid. Rosettes of jet or pearl are rather heavy, but extremely ornamental; they may be detached and used separately. For evening there are bands of irridescent flexible metal, almost covered with spangles or irridescent braids, while on each side is an edging of heavy ecru lace.

THE manufacturers of textile fabrics, especially of silks, have shown better taste than the gardeners; the colorings of the new shot moires is delicate beyond all powers of word painting, and the silks, in wide stripes divided by narrow stripes of satin, are most beautiful of all in the prevailing opaline and pigeon-breast hues. Striped silks of all kinds will be very fashionable; some have wide ombre stripes with narrow dividing lines of satin, in others a broche or chine pattern is introduced in the ombre stripe, and again similar effects are produced on narrow stripes, the coloring being in faint old world nacre tints.

SUMMER DRESS OF INDIA SILK, TRIMMED WITH LACE AND RIBBON VELVET BOWS.

SUMMER DRESS OF EMBROIDERED CREPON TRIMMED WITH RIBBON BOWS.

YOUTHS' COSTUMES

AT THE

W. E. SANFORD MANUFACTURING Co's

BY OUR OWN ARTIST

JEAN

Cosy Corner Chats With Our Girls.

(This department is edited by Cousin Ruth who will be glad to hear from our girl readers. Address all letters, suggestions, comments, questions to "Cousin Ruth," Ladies Pictorial Weekly, etc.)

I HAVE had a good time, since I wrote you last, girls! I don't know how I managed it, but I stole two days last week to scamper off to Michigan and see my sweetest girl friend married. It was an old promise that I kept, for years and years ago, I promised that I would go and dress her for her marriage, if I were anywhere in travelling distance, and able to travel. It was a close shave, I just got there in time, and she did look so sweet, and as she has married the very man everyone says was made for her, I suppose she will be very happy. I wish every one of my dear cousins may do as well, and may go to their bridal with the sweet serious thoughts that little bride had, and oh, don't I wish I could braid and crip and coil all your dear pows as I did hers, and see you looking so sweet and shy and a trifle scared, but daring for love's sweet sake, to give some of your happiness into another's keeping as she did.

HERE comes the cousin I've been waiting for, she with the sweetest girl-name on earth, my cousin Mary. Well, dear girl, as to the business part of your letter I shall put a rod in pickle for those people, you may depend upon it; it is really too bad of them! I quite agree with you that the Ideal Husbands are worse than the Ideal Wives. I don't want either of them—because, forsooth, I know they don't exist; just a plain, tiresome, cranky, ordinary man is good enough for me, one who forgets to post letters and doesn't listen when I tell him my best stories, who leaves the pipe on the upstairs window sill, so I will be sure to knock it out into the garden, who objects to questions about his pocket-book and leaves his clothes lying around (there is a dude collar lying right on the last copy of the LADIES' PICTORIAL, in my own private sanctum this very moment). Ah! yes, girls, these are the kind of husbands the idealists will come down to in time, and so long as they love you well, and try and act as decently as their many failings will allow, we must just love them back and put up with them.

WELL, Jessie, shake hands! You are a good, sensible girl and you showed it when you gave that young man his walking ticket. He will not try that game again, for a while, and I hope never again. Don't let anyone talk against your own dear mother; stop them in the way that comes quickest, never mind if you get red, or use mixed up sentences, or say something a little sharp. It all goes, when it is to prevent an impertinent creature from speaking contemptuously of the dear old folks at home. I should think his question as to "what kind of a mother you had, that she never let you go out alone at night" could be safely and promptly answered. The right kind, God bless her! and I believe you appreciate her justly. Those physical culture exercises we are hearing so much about seem to reduce stout people. Is there any way you could take a course of them?

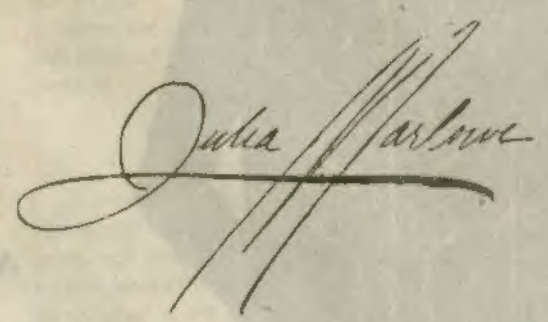
HERE is a cousin with a pretty name, girls; she is called Delight, and she has such good taste too, for she enjoys us in our Cosey Corner, and wants to come in. "Short and fair and twenty-four, and talks too much," she says of herself. Talk right along, dear Delight, we're all *delighted* to hear you. About your little Mission Band there are so many ways of interesting it. We used to have an India month, and an Africa month, and a Jew month, and a Japanese month, and we had also a Home Mission month. In these months we found out all we could about some special country and how its missions were working and succeeding. The Japanese month was lovely, we got lots of letters from the children in the mission in Japan. They were rolled up in one long string, and one of them was 75 feet long, quite a letter, was it not? I am so glad your different churches work together. I am sure divisions and disagreements account for a good deal of the feebleness of our churches. Write and tell me about the concerts and step right into the place in my heart you bespeak. There! are you comfy in it? I like to have you there.

MY little Marie from down south, welcome back again. How I envy you the fair summer weather, mercury at 80 or 81, windows wide open, and flowers blooming. And so you want to know what is my idea of the happiest way to spend an evening? But that would be telling, Marie! and I am waiting to see who comes nearest to it. Your way is social and sensible. If all these other slow-coaches of cousins would hurry up and send their ideas, I'd tell you who is nearest to the way decided upon. I shall certainly send your address to cousin Grace, and hope you'll have lots of pleasure out of each other.

OF COURSE I'd "like to have a message from a Virginian girl," though you made my mouth water by your descriptions, you sweet Rose! You and I have certainly a wonderful lot of tastes in common. Those amusements you mention are great favorites also of mine. Have I any cousins in New York? Why yes, my dear, Ladies' Pictorial cousins; and the other kind too—big, handsome, men cousins, sometimes I take a little holiday and go and see them: I know New York so well, and am so fond of it too! From Chicago also, the Cousins have written to me, though I've not been there yet; why did you ask? If a few more letters like yours come, Rose, dear, I think I will buy a broomstick and get acquainted with some witch or other, who will show me how to ride it, and then I will whisk off some dark night and be under your window by morning! Write again won't you—and tell me some more about historic "ole Virginny."

JUST when I got your letter, Carrie, I was bribing our office boy to a general pick up and sweep up, by the promise of foreign postage stamps. Well, after this I must get some other medium—for a boy gets but a very poor chance against a girl and a cousin, and you may expect some stamps in a short time. It is not any use sending an American stamp here, dear girl. They don't pay postage here, you know! I am glad you have work which you like, and hope you will get to the top of the tree—when you have time write again. Suppose you sketch a happy evening.

HERE you are, the very last in the gold hand, my gentle little cousin, who calls herself St. John Violet. Certainly there is room



for you, dear, only please to remember that when you get a place, you must keep it constantly filled. I should think your sea side home would be grand; I am so sorry your question about the Easter present is too late. I must have your question about three weeks before you need the answers, remember. You ask how I make Sunday School Lessons interesting to boys, just be interested in them yourself, both in the Lessons and the Boys. If you choose them yourself, use judgment and see that the lesson is suitable and likely to interest. I always preferred teaching boys. Good night dear girls, the gold hand lies empty on the table and the clock points to midnight!

Your affectionate

Cousin Ruth

Julia Marlowe.

We publish this week a sketch by our artist of this talented Canadian actress, made during her last appearance in Toronto. Below the sketch will be found a facsimile reproduction of her autograph, for which we have to tender our thanks.

He (salesman) "Dear little hand (absent mindedly), I wonder if it will wash."

She (con spirito) "No sir, it won't—nor it won't scrub, either—but if you want it to play the piano, it's yours, George."

Literature.

"Great men have been among us; hands that penned and tongues that uttered wisdom."—WARDSWORTH.

Poe's Cottage at Fordham.

'It looks' (says Mr. Edward J. Bok, in *The Epoch*), 'as if the famous little wayside cottage at Fordham, just on the outskirts of New York City, where Edgar Allan Poe lived during 1846-7, and wrote some of his best works, will soon be a thing of the past. Until last autumn the cottage was kept in comparatively good repair by a widow—a woman of culture—who took great pride in the place, and lived in the house. But the lady moved away on account of ill-health, and a "To Let" sign is now tacked on the cottage. The wealthy neighboring residents look upon the little pastoral home as an eyesore, and are tired of answering the many questions constantly asked regarding it. The cottage looks forsaken; the doors are barred; across the windows are nailed boards, and everything about the place is going into decay. As it was opened for me a few days ago, there was a musty and damp smell about every room. The thin floor is giving way and the ground beneath exhales a malarial dampness through the room where Poe wrote, and even the humblest people will not live in the house, owing to its unhealthy condition. I was told that the place was still visited by nearly a thousand people each year during the spring, summer and autumn months, and everything is pointed out: the room where Poe wrote his "Annabel Lee," and where, on Jan 30, 1847, death released his child-wife, Virginia Clemm, from her period of suffering. But the historic pastoral cottage has seen its day and with the march of progress it will soon be demolished, and its existence serve only as a memory and to be told of by the "oldest inhabitant," in the years to come.'

M. ZOLA was asked the other day by an interviewer of the *Albemarle* which of the English novelists were most appreciated in France. and he replied:—

Dickens and Scott, without a doubt, and for this very obvious reason: the novel in France has always been more or less emancipated, while the works of Dickens and Scott can be put into the hands of any one, which is more than can be said even for the works of George Sand. Besides Dickens is a poet, a great poet in many ways. He is less English than most of your writers, and that is why we understand him better.' 'And Scott?' asked the interviewer. 'Scott!' answered M. Zola with an impatient wave of his hand, '*litterature de pensionnat*. There is another reason for Dickens' success over here,' he continued, following up his train of thought. 'Our opponents have taken him up to use him as an argument against our conception of realism and at one time our reviews were flooded with articles on Dickens. Tolstoi has been taken up in the same way but his success was never real, like that of Dickens.' Thackeray, M. Zola added, was deeper than Dickens, but so difficult to understand—so English.' Geo Eliot, in Zola's opinion, 'had no real knowledge of humanity.'

MR. HENRY James is engaged, it is said, upon a comedy to be produced, like 'The American,' by Mr. Edward Compton. It is also said that he was written a play for Miss Genevieve Ward.

MME. MICHELET, widow of the French historian, is about to publish her husband's notes of his journey to Rome, in 1830, taken from his letters to the Duchesse de Berri and the Princesses of the Orleans family, as well as from a diary.

MRS. DE MATTOS, a first cousin of Robert Louis Stevenson, is said to be the author of "Through the Red-Litten Windows," issued in the Pseudonyme Library over the pen-name of Theodor Hertz-Garten.

MR. RUDYARD Kipling arrived here on the 11th inst., accompanied by Mrs. Kipling and her mother, Mrs. Balestier. He is making his third trip around the world, and is making it as a 'honeymoon' trip. He will visit the old Spanish missions, and from San Francisco will go to Honolulu, and thence to Samoa, to see Mr. Stevenson.

MRS. CHRISTINE CHAPLIN BRUSH, wife of the Rev. Alfred H. Brush and author of "The Colonel's Opera Cloak," and "Inside Our Gate," died on Feb. 3 in Brooklyn. She was about forty years old and was the daughter of the Rev. Jeremiah Chaplin of Boston. Her first book made a hit in the No Name Series, in 1879. "Inside Our Gate" chronicled the quiet life of New Utrecht, L. I.

An Ideal Husband.

80 My ideal must have a large heart, and a small income, the latter because riches take the gladness from the heart, and the sunlight from the eye. Botany, or some other "hobby" to occupy him while I am absorbed in the interesting, but difficult task of "making ends meet." A mania for putting up bookshelves, brackets, and hooks all over the house, is to be hailed in an ideal as being an infallible indication that he will be kind, affectionate, and devoted to his home.

His name must not be SMITH.

And, Oh, my fairy godmother, that he may sing.

81 My ideal husband is tall and broad shouldered, posessing an intellect far above the average, a "leader of men." He is innately a gentleman, loves his wife first in all the world, and keeps no corner of his heart under lock and key from her. "He is a God fearing man, never so happy as when doing something which will lighten the burdens of his fellow men. He is generous, brave and cheerful.

In The Play Room.

"The childhood shows the man as morning shows the day."—MILTON.

Hazelkirk, editor of this department will be pleased torec eive letters from young contributors. Contributions such as puzzles, short stories, poems, etc., will be welcomed. Address "Hazelkirk," in care of this paper.

Not Fit to be Kissed.

"What ails papa's mouf?" said a sweet little girl,
Her bright laugh revealing her teeth white as pearl:
I love him, and kiss him, and sit on his knee,
But the kisses don't taste good when he kisses me.

"But mamma"—her eyes opened wide as she spoke—
"Do you like nasty kisses of 'bacco and smoke?
They might do for boys, but for ladies and girls
I don't think them nice" and she tossed her bright curls.

"Don't nobody's papa have mouts nice and clean?
With kisses like yours, mamma that's what I mean:
I want to kiss papa, I love him so well,
But kisses don't taste good that have such a smell.

"It's nasty to smoke, and eat 'bacco and spit
And the kisses ain't good, and ain't sweet not a bit!"
And her blossom-like face wore a look of disgust,
As she gave out her verdict so earnest and just.

Yes, yes, little darling! your wisdom has seen
That kisses for daughters and wives must be clean:
For kisses lose something of nectar and bliss,
From mouths that are stained and unfit for a kiss.

Answers to Puzzles.

(*From Last Issue*).

CONUNDRUMS.—1. Because "brevity" is the "sole" of it. 2. Because they "ironed" all England, and occasionally done a little mangling. 3. The 12.50, because it is ten to one if you do catch it. 4. Divinity, because it is easier to "preach" than to "practice."

CHARADES.—1. A Toast. 2. Joy-full—Joyful. 3. Chair, hair, air.

LOGOGRIPH.—Sample.

CHARADE.—Watch-man—Watchman.

Puzzles.

SINGLE ACROSTIC—I.

1. A line from "The Beggar-Maid."
2. A line from "Break, Break."
3. A line from "New Year's Eve."
4. A line from "Come not when I am Dead."
5. A line from "The Bridesmaid"
6. A line from "A Dream of Fair Women."
7. A line from "Locksley Hall."

The first letter of each of the above quotations from Tennyson, gives the name of a famous living baritone singer.

II.

1. A month.
2. Part of English armorial bearings.
3. A sign.
4. A pretender.
5. An instrument of war.
6. A metal
7. Junction.
8. Something hard and cold.

My initials read downwards, give the name of a Roman Emperor.

RIDDLE-ME-REES.

My first is in cow, but not in horse
My second is in anger, but not in cross.
My third is in nut, but not in shell
My fourth is in gold, but not in well
My fifth is in gild, but not in tin
My sixth is in race, but not in win
My whole is a well known thing you'll see,
So now I have in shell my riddle-me-ree

IV.

My first is in ride, but not in walk.
My second in flower, but not in stalk.
My third is in sun, but not in moon.
My fourth is in late, but not in soon.
My whole is a well-known flower.

GEOGRAPHICAL—V.

1. W. on the S., manufactures flannels.
2. S. on the W., has a shipping trade.
3. E. on the F., the capital of S.
4. F. on the M., the birthplace of G.
5. V. on the D., capital of A.
6. L. on the R., manufactures silks.

PROBLEM—VI.

BY D. J. LAMBERT.

A squirrel went to a corn crib to carry away ears of corn, he carried three ears a day for six months, commencing on the first of March. How many ears did he carry during the six months?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PLAY-ROOM:—In reading over your paper and seeing the little letter Arthur wrote, I thought I would like to write a letter also. I think I will tell you about my birthday. The 30th of March was my birthday. I did not have a party, but a few friends were here. We played all sorts of games, and when we were playing blind man's buff, papa came into the room with a little rocking chair, saying "This is Grace's birthday present." Then I had to try it. When they saw me trying it they all had to try it, and thought it very comfortable. Then we went out into the yard to play ball, though it is rather early for ball but the day was very fine. When we came in the tea bell rang. The table was decorated with flags. There were cakes, candy, nuts, oranges, and all sorts of nice things that little girls like. And under my plate I found a handsome handkerchief from my Auntie. Then as little children have to be home early, they had to leave at seven. Although feeling very tired, I could not neglect my school lessons. By that time it was getting late and I had to go to bed. I spent a very happy birthday indeed.

From your little friend,
GRACE.

DEAR HAZELKIRK:—I am writing to ask you if you think any of your foreign correspondents would care to communicate with a Toronto little contributor. I would so much like to write to a little girl or boy my own age, fourteen years; and I ask them, through you, if any would be willing to do so. They could send their letter and address to me in care of you, it would not be putting you to any trouble I hope, and I would be sure to get it; then I could write and tell them all about our pretty City of Toronto, and the people who live here. Trusting I may be successful, I remain, your loving reader, MILLIE.

P.S.—Should any little friend care to comply with the wishes of Millie, address, Millie c/o of Hazelkirk.

Lovable Girls.

Girls without an undesirable love of liberty and craze for individualism, girls who will let themselves be guided, girls who will have the filal sentiment well developed and who feel the love of a daughter for the woman who is their mother, girls who know that every day, and all the day long cannot be devoted to holiday making without the intervention of duties more or less irksome,—girls who, when they can gather them—accept their roses with frank and girlish sincerity of pleasure, and when they are denied submit without repining to the inevitable hardships of circumstance—these are the girls whose companionship gladdens and does not oppress or distract the old, whose sweetness and ready submission to the reasonable control of authority make life so pleasant and their charge so light to those whose care they are; these are the girls who become good wives in the future, and, in their turn, wise and understanding mothers, and who have to choose out of many, where others are sought by none. The leaven of them keeps

THE MORNING CALL.

society sweet and pure; for if all girls were as recalcitrant as some are, men might bid adieu to their cherished ideal, both of woman and home.

The Travels of a Mouse.

(*Continued from last week.*)

CHAPTER II.

Jerry began his work.

Hour after hour he pushed and toiled, until he reached the head of the barrel; disappointment again stared him in the face for he found himself as far from the hole as he could be—exactly at the opposite end; back again he went pushing and working all the while, for the soon as one nut was out of the way another fell in its place and covered the space he had made with his toil. Still, he did not give up, at last almost exhausted from over work, bruised and wounded from the sharp edges of the nut-shells, and hope almost gone, he reached the little opening—to his great joy—which only a day and a half since his father had gnawed in order to give his little Jerry, along with the rest of the family a treat. Out he crept and down he jumped, heedless of where he was going, for, in his wild delight he stopped not a moment to consider, until he landed in the hold of the vessel and hurridly ran into a little pile of sharp pieces of iron lying near; so among this he crept and sought out a place to rest awhile. He had a quiet sleep which quite refreshed him; but he still felt the effects of the bruises he received while imprisoned in that unfortunate barrel.

He was beginning to wonder what was going on outside, and began cleaning himself in order to go abroad and see, when he espied a little creature not unlike himself coming towards him. Slowly he advanced to where Jerry stood and then, stopping at a short distance asked him in his own way, who he was and from whence he came.

Jerry related to him his adventures and in a short time the two mice became friends, so that our little traveller no longer felt as though he were alone in the world; he became contented. Rex that was the name of the other mouse—took Jerry all over the vessel, and showed him the "ins and outs" in no time, introducing him to the family and many other mice on board—I may add he became quite a favorite—also to an old cat which they saw up on deck sleeping; of this old puss Rex warned Jerry, for many a mouse had lost its life through carelessness, puss, although he looked dull and stupid being as sharp as a cat could be. Not long ago a cousin of the Rex family was missed, and not being heard of again it was generally supposed among the elder mice on board, that he had fallen a prey to puss; no one ever knew for certain, but this cousin was venturesome, and notwithstanding the caution of his mother he continued his daring pranks, until at last he disappeared and every one of course blamed puss.

Then one or two traps came in their way and Rex cautioned Jerry to beware of them; he had never seen a trap before, and they all thought it fortunate they came across them there, he might have been caught in one. He was so young and inexperienced that he would easily have fallen a prey to the cat, or been entrapped for the amusement of the sailors who always found great sport in catching mice and keeping them for their own pleasure. Little by little Jerry learned the dangers of the shallow and deep.

Rex warned him of the risk of going about alone, he was sure to be caught if he did. Many pleasant days were spent on board that ship with his little companions, they tried to induce Jerry to stay, and not land when the vessel reached the pier in America. Rex, you must know, had been born and brought up on board ship, he was quite used to living in that way; there was not an inch of that vessel he did not know, not a pleasure nor a danger with which he was not acquainted; but even the footfall of a sailor was familiar to him; so you would not wonder that he enjoyed life. His father before him had lived on that ship, and during hislife Rex had known no other home.

Jerry had almost made up his mind to remain, perhaps it would have been better in the end for him had he done so, but one day a storm arose which overtook them just as the ship had reached mid ocean, and lasted three days. That was enough for Jerry; being imprisoned in a barrel of nuts was bad enough, but, on board ship in a storm was worse, so he decided that the instant they landed so would he.

CHAPTER III.

We left Jerry fully determined not to remain with his friends on the vessel; on land he knew he was liable to varied dangers, but at sea, should accidents occur then there was no chance of escape and he preferred risking his life on *terra firma* than by water. The few days during which he remained on board were spent quietly enough. The recent storm had had quite an effect on our little traveller, and appeared to have quieted him down, much to the satisfaction of Rex and his wife, who thought him altogether too frisky at times.

The hours passed quickly, and at last the day of landing came. Jerry was in neat trim and anxiously watched all the proceedings as the vessel neared the docks.

Sailors were flying to and fro, passengers were cheerfully waiting to step ashore, and all was now in readiness. In five minutes more the ship touched the pier, and Jerry with his two companions secreted themselves in an old hamper, which, along with others was put ashore and Jerry therein.

(*To be continued.*)

Hazelkirk

A NEW GAME.—"The Cricket Board," a new game, invented by Mr. Ford Kelsey, is an exact representation of cricket. With a few trifling modifications, the rules are the same as those of single-wicket cricket, and the game is played on a folding-board covered with baize, which is placed on a level table. It can be played by two or a number taking sides. The members of the side having first innings take control in turn of the handle let in at the side of the board, by regulating the movement of which the batsman is made to play to all parts of the field. The members of the other side bowl overs of any number of balls that may be arranged. The ball, having been placed in position, may be bowled any pace or pitch by gently drawing and then releasing the lever at the end of the board

Practical Information for the Housewife

"A hint is often all that is needed."

All questions regarding this department will be cheerfully answered in this column.—Ed.

The Form.

The form, the "human form divine," as it has been termed by those poetically inclined, is a subject which is open to lengthy discussion, and were it not for the limited space at my disposal, I might be tempted to add more than my mite, and to use much paper and ink over the matter.

For some, the stately proportions generally attributed to Juno are the perfection of feminine beauty. Others see a wondrous charm in the daintily rounded minute form, which might, nay does belong to a veritable sylph in human guise; some declare—from an anatomical and, perhaps I should add, medical point of view, they are undoubtedly correct—that the celebrated statue of Venus, despite the fact that her—or rather its—waist measures considerably more inches than we, speaking for the majority of our sex, would care boldly to own to, at all events in our *premiere jeunesse*, is the ideal of all that is beautiful in woman. Some say that the shoulders should be sloping, others set square, almost like those of a man, and at least many of the tailor-made gowns of the day are padded, to give this effect. Some like a length of limb, particularly of arm and leg, the latter from thigh to knee, which contrasts strongly with the short, shapely appendages appreciated by others, while again some much prefer a complete development of muscle, even until the limbs more resemble those of a miniature Hercules, than of a female, instead of the soft rounded arms and legs, dimpled at shoulder and wrist, knee and ankle, which always appeal so very strongly to me, and are in my opinion, at least, the perfection of all that is womanly. But naturally tastes differ, and well for us that that it is so, as it would never do for one and all to think alike. In decrying a muscular appearance, my readers must not for one moment imagine that it is unnecessary to the human frame to possess muscle. A certain amount is absolutely essential, but however powerful that amount may be, it should be so well covered with flesh as to render the fact of its being there unsuspected by the unmitiated. The development of the muscle means naturally the improvement of the flesh, which should be firm, almost solid, rather than presenting the flabby—if I may be allowed the term—appearance it so often presents, particularly in women who are, or profess to be, delicate, and in consequence of such claim the privileges (save the mark) of an invalid.

Immediately on rising, the wise woman will, providing it agrees with her constitution, or is not forbidden by medical authority, take a cold or at least a tepid bath, but in cases where this is prohibited, it is well to know of a substitute which is almost if not equally as affective—for a delicate constitution at all events. Stand on a folded bath towel, which must be quite try, then wring a large sponge out of cold or tepid water, the former if possible, and pass it very quickly all over the body several times in succession (never mind the drippings, the towels will catch them) and dry on a large rough towel, rubbing each part thoroughly until quite warm. After this, dress partly, as far at least as petticoats, stockings and shoes, but no corsets, and then have ten minutes or a quarter of an hour's calisthenic exercise, using dumb-bells, by all means, if you have them. Let most, if not all the movements have a backward swing, as this serves to keep the shoulders well set back and expands the chest; and here I cannot do better than give a few useful exercises in the words of an authority who has written a very clever article on the question of "Physical Training" in addition to other things:

1. Bring forward the two arms, raise the forearms, and place the fingers of each hand lightly on the front of each shoulder. Then with a quick movement, without removing the fingers from the shoulders, jerk the arms outwards, then back again, and repeat.

2. Bring down the arms in front, gracefully rounded, the fingers of each hand touching the others at the tips; raise them gradually over the head, where let the hands go apart, and bring them down behind with the arms turned as far as possible outside.

Another is: Stand quite erect; extend the arms above the head, interlace the thumbs, and keep the forefingers in touch. Then, keeping the knees quite rigid, bend the trunk gradually, until, without unlocking the thumbs, the fingers touch the toes. This is a very good exercise, seldom successful without a little practice.

Correspondence.

The correspondence columns are open to all readers of the Ladies Pictorial Weekly. *Questions relating to fashions, etiquette, literature or any subject of interest to our readers can be sent in for reply. Address correspondence editor in care of this paper.*

F. B. D.—For cosmetic enquired about, write Mrs. Gervaise Graham, 103 Post St. San Francisco. The price, which you send by a P. O. Order, is $1.50. Please use carefully, according to directions. I cannot answer questions privately, even when a two-cent stamp is enclosed. Postage from here is three cents, and a Canadian stamp is required, so you will see your enclosure is perfectly useless to me.

L. D. Osceola and Carmine.—Please address your letters and enquiries to the Managing Editor. I have nothing whatever to do with the matter. Cousin Ruth and I are continually receiving letters from subscribers on business matters, with which we are not allowed to meddle.

Ia Quiz.—The supply is pretty good just now. I do not know whether to advise you to send the article or not. I am afraid it is rather too long, but if you send it, perhaps it may be suitable. Put a price on it yourself.

Joan.—To make over your black silk, which is gored and worn round the bottom, cut off about two inches, face and put a strip of bias velveteen an inch or so in width under the edge, then make a yoke, take off the skirt band, and sew the skirt on to the yoke. Cut off your half long basque a little, and gather a flounce of lace to the edge; as the sleeves are worn at the wrist you might put long cuffs on them—in the Pictorial for April 16th, I gave Mamie a few hints which you might look over; for the half cape, have a yoke and collar of mouse-colored braided cloth, and a sort of deep frill of mouse-colored velvet, plainly gathered on, a little raised and frilled over the shoulders. Silk gloves may be worn. A good many dresses have a deep full pinked flower of pinked silk sewn inside the skirt. Contrasting colors are worn, but black is really most *chic*.

Amaryllis.—It is no penance to answer questions, I am here for the purpose. A riding habit is rather expensive, you might get one for thirty dollars, but it would not be the very best, only very ordinary. Certainly you would wear trousers under. There is nothing out of the way about that. It would be impossible to sit properly with petticoats under your habit. You can have the whole suit made by any good tailor, almost all of them have a ladies' department.

Grantham.—I do not know how much a second hand safety wheel ought to cost. You should expect to pay at the least half of the original price, if the wheel were in perfect order. Perhaps your best plan would be to watch the advertising columns of the daily papers.

Girlie.—A confirmation dress should be white, either of muslin, cashmere or good veiling, made plainly, with high necks and long sleeves. Gloves are usually worn and either a veil or a cap, I much prefer the veil. A rather pretty model was given in April 16th's Pictorial.

Typewriter.—1. There are several large agencies in New York who supply typewriters to firms and private parties. I know of several girls who make from ten to twenty dollars a week, or even as high as twenty-five. 2. The Prince of Wales is not expected at the Columbian Exposition, but his son and heir is reported to be coming. 3. The Queen writes a neat, refined and determined hand, which shows rather a fine touch of temper. It is wonderfully clear and firm for so old a lady, but Her Majesty carries her age remarkably. She is very stout and a trifle heavy in her gait.

Church-Woman.—Your question is entirely uninteresting and unsuitable for discussion in this column. The very worthy people whom it reflects upon are as far above such criticisms as the sun above the earth.

Pedro.—Your idea for the smoking party is very good, only don't make your programme too long or formal. A humorous debate is rather a good idea, but you must see that it doesn't become prosy. I am glad you sometimes "glance at" your wife's paper. Please read the Ideal Husbands, and blush—Pedro! The souvenirs for the party could be varied and pretty. Match stands, pocket match-holders, cigarette boxes, or those cute little arrangements for nipping cigars. If you play cards you might have a lightning game of euchre for an hour and a half for a prize, the prize should be rather handsome, a cigar stand, a pipe, or some such thing, the booby prize should be a long "churchwarden" clay pipe

Baby-Lover.—It is rather hard on you to have your wee son taken out of his sleep to exhibit to strangers. If your sister or brother try it again refuse to allow it, and if necessary turn the key in the nursery door. Twelve hours out of twenty-four isn't too long sleeping time nor would eighteen be, if the baby liked to sleep so much. Don't try to amuse so young a child, leave him alone. Very young and very old folks love to be quiet.

Jack's Nan.—1. There is no reason why you should submit to such treatment. It is excessively rude and uncalled for. If the family treat you coldly, quietly tell your friend that you prefer not to go there again, and don't go. So far as you have stated the case, I cannot see their motive.

Innocence.—I have heard of such cases, but don't think the young fellow meant any harm. Overlook it this time, but not again.

Prof. Wickle's Prize Graphological Examination.

Special Notice.

The Ideal Wife Prize Examination closed on Dec. 15th. We shall continue to publish in this column the delineation of the different specimens of handwriting sent in for the Prize Competition until they have been completed.

Delineations.

469 This is quite an unformed hand, probably either of a very young girl or illiterate person. It shows only persistence and temper with imprudence in speech and undecided will.

470 A kindly, deliberate and sweet nature. The will is strong affection ditto, love of home and children well marked, it lacks buoyancy and energy, but the owner would make a very comfortable wife, and apt to be popular.

471 I don't know when I have had such an affected study as this one. The writer apparently spends a great deal of effort to make a good appearance. At the same time, she is not particular enough either in truth or sincerity, would be apt to deceive if deceit helped her ambition, I think she has great desire to lead others but will never succeed on her present platform. Instead of sympathy she has selfishness, and her own interests absorb her. If she gets a good husband he will never be able to trust her, if a poor one she will be a great grumbler at fate. The lady is extremely clever and versatile, and is well worth a better role in life than she at present plays.

Queen Mary's Lap-Dog.

Mary, Queen of Scots had a favorite lap-dog, which was said to be present at the execution of its poor mistress in Fotheringay castle. After the royal lady had been beheaded, the faithful creature refused to leave her dead body and had to be carried out of the hall by force. At that period lap-dogs were the pets of men as well as of women. Dr. Boleyn, a relation of the unhappy Queen Anne Boleyn, owned one, "which," as it is written, "he doted on." Anne once asked him to grant her one wish and in return he should have whatever he desired. Knowing his affection for the dog, she begged it of him, and, of course, the doctor had nothing to do but give it to her. "And now, madam," he said, "you promised to grant my request." "I will," quoth the queen. "Then give me my dog again."

Kissing The Baby.

One of the things upon which careful mothers insist in engaging a nurse for young children is that indiscriminate kissing of her charges must be prevented. Many persons consider that a baby or sweet-faced little toddler met anywhere is a legitimate object for kisses and fonding, a practise which cannot be too much discouraged. A writer recently made the startling statement, credited to a physician, a specialist in treating croup, that an adult with a simple case of catarrh can give a child membraneous croup. It is probable that this statement needs qualification, that certain conditions are necessary beyond the mere contact of breath to develop the germs, but even the remote possibility should be sufficient to warn parents and friends of their responsibility.

A physician's wife said not long ago, in regard to the same matter:

"I was surprised, in securing a nurse for my first child, to have my husband object to one who came to me on trial. She was efficient and neat in every way, but she had very poor teeth. They were discolored, and evidently in poor condition, and my husband insisted I should discharge her at the end of her trial week. 'The mouth,' he said, was a hotbed for septic germs even in its most perfect condition.' He would certainly have no nurse about breathing into his child's face, who could not at least show a sound set of teeth. And our next nurse, whose teeth were promising, but not quite perfect, he sent to our dentist for care, while she remained with us."

The Queen's Dining Room.

The queen's dining room, says the *London World*, always presents a very bright and brisk aspect; for in addition to the crowd of servants in their royal liveries, and some of her majesty's Highland and Indian domestics, there are the head functionaries of the kitchen and the clerks of the cellar in their respective uniforms. The clerk of the kitchen, who is at the head of the cuisine department, receives £700 a year, with his board and lodging, and he is provided with a staff of four assistant clerks and a female menial, who is officially known as "the necessary woman."

The chef is aided by four master cooks, two yeomen of the kitchen (one of whom is the confectioner), two bakers, two roasting cooks, two coffee women, and a perfect regiment of assistants, male and female of their kind; apprentices, scourers, kitchen maids, two steam apparatus workers, two "green office" men and a storekeeper

The cellar is a different department.

There are plenty of delicacies at the queen's dinners, as a matter of course, and always an adequate number of the elaborate "made dishes" which Mr. Osborne termed "ongtreys," but there are also invariably some plain joints, both hot and cold. Prince Albert, like Sir Alexander Cockburn, was always pleased to see a cold sirloin of roast beef on the sideboard, and the queen has throughout her life shown a marked preference for perfectly simple fare. Prince Albert and the late duke of Cambridge greatly liked that good old-fashioned dish, a roast sucking pig served with prune sauce.

There have been "dine and sleep" visitors at Windsor Castle every day during the queen's residence there, but the list of people to be asked (exclusive of the royal, official and diplomatic guests) is so long that there will have to be another succession during her majesty's next sojourn there in order to clear it off.

The invitations are usually sent out by Sir John Cowell (often by telegram) and as a rule only a few hour's notice is given. The guests are expected to arrive in time to dress for dinner, and they leave after breakfast next morning.

The rule is for guests to appear in the corridor in the full dress at 8.30, the dinner hour being 8.45, and the queen comes in from her own apartments just as the clocks chime the quarter, bows to the company, and proceeds into the oak room, where dinner is served.

After it is over the company usually stand about the corridor, or proceed into one of the three drawing rooms which adjoin it; the queen speaks for a few minutes to each person in succession and then retires, and the guests see her no more, as she never appears in the morning; so that a visit to the castle does not involve much personal intercourse with her majesty.

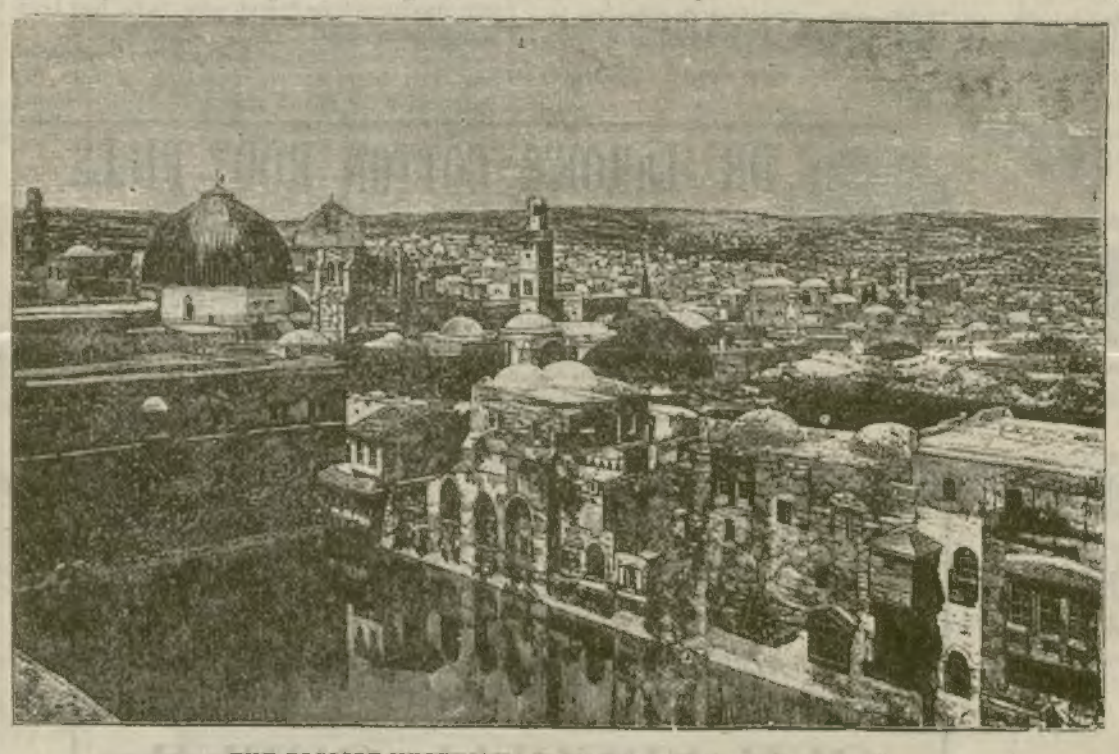
After the queen has gone to her rooms the company remain in one of the drawing rooms for music and whist; and when the ladies retire the men adjourn to the smoking room, in which there is a billiard table.

A missionary on his way to Liberia gives the following as part of the cargo of the steamer that carried him:

"Ten thousand casks of rum, eleven cases of gin, four hundred and sixty tons of gunpowder and fourteen missionaries—all on their way to Africa."

Mrs. Oliphant's Jerusalem.

Of the two Holy Cities to which all the modern world turns its thoughts, Rome, great though its history has been, and wide though its influence still is, must yield in significance and interest to Jerusalem. Rome has exercised a sway both spiritual and material; Jerusalem only a spiritual power, for even in the height of its brief temporal splendor its power was insignificant, and its king a mere tribal chieftain. It is the little city of the Jebusites, whose history Mrs. Oliphant essays to tell in "Jerusalem: the Holy City" (Macmillan and Co.,) though, it may be as well to remark at once, she does not attempt any historical research or comparative study of authorities, but simply relates the story of the city as it is told in the Bible, aided by her impressions of Jerusalem as she saw it during her travels in the Holy Land, and by an enthusiasm which inspires her with many narrative and descriptive passages of great power and beauty. Her story opens with the youth of David, the future King of the city, who was to raise Jerusalem to a Royal place among the nations, and whose city it was to be called ever afterwards. She traces its history through the Kings of Judah, dealing rather with the rulers and the people, than with the city itself, to the Babylonish captivity, and the restoration of the little kingdom that had in vain tried to hold its own among its mighty neighbors. The second part of the book is devoted to the great prophets, their denunciations of their countrymen, and their lamentations over the fallen greatness of Jerusalem. Then follows the Return and the Restoration, and the rebuilding of the city and temple, amplified from the story of the prophets, until the Roman Empire absorbed the land of Palestine, and the kingdom of Solomon became but a portion of the Great Empire which embraced the whole known world. The fourth and final part of the book touches on the coming of the Messiah, and of the end of the Jewish dispensation by the fulfilment of the prophecies foretelling that event. The destruction of the city by the Romans is dismissed in half-a-dozen lines, and the heroic defence during the siege is passed by altogether. The book is fully illustrated with views of the Holy City and the surrounding country, the engraving we reproduce representing the Pool of King Hezekiah, who did so much to put the city in a state of defence, and render it capable of enduring a siege, even by the army of the Assyrians. Mrs. Oliphant has produced an eloquent monograph on Jerusalem, written with all the picturesqueness and force of style which distinguishes her, but the book cannot be properly called a history in the now universally accepted sense of the word.



THE POOL OF HEZEKIAH.—From "Jerusalem the Holy City."

Women and Marriage.

From a most excellent article by Virginia C. Meredith, in Kate Field's Washington, we make the following truthful extracts, full of grand thought, and rich with possibilities:

But the philanthropist has great latitude or the application of his intelligence. He works for society as a mass: what to him should be the value of one generation of men, compared with unnumbered generations? Let this one perish, if those may be saved by a concentration of energy on plans for their salvation. Let us have women fit to be mothers; then we shall have noble men and women; by this means, and by no other, will humanity grow nobler. The dignity of womanhood has been in all ages misunderstood. While men have been lavish in the bestowal of praise, criticism and flattery, and have constantly exalted the function of motherhood, they have thereby done but little to make women better. The real mission of woman to-day is the education of her own sex, to fit them for motherhood. When a woman is fit to be a mother, she will know who is fit to be the father of her children; and it will not be the man of low tastes, of profligate life, of dishonest heart.

Marriage and motherhood have the most intimate relation, and yet what training is given a girl that is calculated to enlighten her as to her responsibilities? Our customs, thoughts, traditions are such that if she speak seriously of that phase of the question before marriage, she is ridiculed by her friends, and very good people think her immodest, perhaps indecent. Are there terms strong enough in which to characterize a state of common opinion that relegates to low impulses the creation of a life—the evolution of an immortal soul? Earnest men and women ask these questions again and again; and yet but little is done intelligently to advance more enlightened and sensible methods.

Whatever may be the real history of the origin of man, the real purpose in his creation, Nature and revelation alike point to the evolution of an increasingly higher type in which the spiritual dominates the lower nature. Enthusiastic reformers are fond of saying that this or that great question will be settled when women are allowed to vote. Doubtless all good measures will be promoted in time; but it will not be because women vote, but because educated women will address their thoughts to vital themes, and, having traced effects to causes, will seek practical means to eliminate sin and sorrow from the controlling place they now fill in our human economy.

When a higher type dominates custom, personal purity will be popular and will prevail, because the individual really wishes to be clean in body, heart and mind, lovely in his whole life. This is not a Utopian picture. There are to-day thousands of pure-minded men and women; the question is only how their number shall be increased. A famous political economist laid down this rule for acquiring wealth: "Cut off your losses, and let your profits run." Now, is not that a rule for social as well as financial application? "Cut off" the production of the criminal and vicious and impure classes. How? By educating women so that they may be fit to become mothers. This education is not to be acquired in a day, but what do you think may be done in fifty years?

Written for the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

Idle Thoughts of an Idle Woman.

CLUBS OUT OF SEASON.

How does the modern club affect the modern woman? A great deal I think depends upon the position of the institution. The further it is removed from the home circle the less dangerous and disturbing its influence. There is no doubt the tendency of clubs is away from the public and towards the private centres of large towns. No sensible woman I believe grudges mankind his privileges and pursuits. Clubs to read in, lounge in, play whist and billiards in, clubs to look out off, clubs to look into, clubs in season, but not clubs out of season. It is the prevailing custom of the present risen generation to spend a certain portion of their afternoon at the club. Men with no active pursuits rally at their clubs after office hours until dinner time. Their wives are not to be found in the afternoon, they have their social duties and pleasures, which take and keep them out-of-doors. The husband would come home to an empty house and a cheerless fireside, he wants his little recreation, and he gets it without any interference with his family life. But the club after dinner is the club out of season, the destroyer of the domestic circle. It is the uptown club that is accountable for so many family jars. Few men probably are disposed after a hard day's work to go off into town nightly for their amusement. But when the amusement is within a block or a square of them the temptation is dangled before their noses so to speak.

The rising generation will not make the same husbands as the risen one has made. Young men who get in the habit as bachelors of leaving their homes as soon as dinner is over, for the club, and remaining there until it closes, will not be able to lay aside this habit when the novelty of married life is worn off. Wives whose husbands leave them every evening, will resent this desertion and ask other men to fill the vacant chair. Indeed, I am firmly convinced that the future of many young couples will be wrecked by the unseasonable club. What is the antidote you will ask? Home education for young men. By this I do not mean that boys are to be tied to their mother's apron strings, but that they should, in large towns, be educated at the schools and colleges of those towns instead of being sent elsewhere. Boys, I have observed, who only spend their holidays at home, seek to amuse th mselves morning, noon, and night; after dark they go either to their friends' houses or to the theatre, or some other place, and so they begin by never spending their evenings at home, unless they are studious and to some extent unnatural boys. Those, on the contrary, who live at home and get accustomed to spend their evenings preparing their lessons for the next day, grow up in a different atmosphere. They are obliged to stay in the house and do not consequently contract those wandering habits which eventually develop into a search for evening recreations.

CANADIAN WOMEN UP TO DATE.

It is pleasant to find that Canadian society compares avorably in point of culture with English society. The experience of many Englishmen I have met this winter is to the effect that Canadian women at any rate are well up on all the topics of the day. They are better informed as to the latest books, the latest plays, the latest articles, the latest idea, the latest London gossip or scandal as the case may be, than the majority of provincial English women at any rate. This is distinctly encouraging to the colonial mind. These progressive influences I conclude are attributable to the cosmopolitan society of large cities. The tendency of small towns is always local, flavored with that personal gossip about private matters, which is so narrowing to individual character. How thankful the residents of cities should be for their wider horizon larger interests and greater advantages. English and American influences as represented by London and New York, make themselves distinctly felt in Canada; the increase of public libraries, the large circulation of English and American magazines and papers, together with the improved condition of those published in the cities of the Dominion, is accountable for this development. Every one now is conscious that not to be up to date, is distinctly to be behind the times. If the Toronto Public Library took just about twice as large a number of the best magazines as it does at present, there would be more improvement still; the same thing applies to libraries all over the continent. Magazines and papers are the great 19th century educators. They have become the medium through which all the questions of the day are ventilated and discussed. Stead's now well-known *Review of Reviews* was founded simply for the benefit of such as were unable to afford the more expensive periodicals and reviews. In it he condenses all the most important articles published during the month, in England, America and France, so that those who read may run. This idea I attempted and carried out on a limited scale five years ago for *The Week*, to which for over a year I contributed two condensed articles weekly; naturally I have been interested in seeing what I may claim as my own idea developed by so able a man as W. T. Stead. The *Review of Reviews* might be advertised as the busy woman's as well as "the busy man's review," for its principle is to condense for the benefit of those who have not time to devote to the perusal of long articles. It has been argued that its tendency is superficial, that its readers pose as having read what they have only skimmed. But the skimming is so good that it contains the cream of the matter, and any subject that specially interests can be studied by the purchase of the original article. Stead professes to cater for the magazines on the principle, that he brings them before the public and increases their sale by special notice. At first the *Review of Reviews* met with violent opposition in London, but it is now accepted as a most valuable addition to the monthly periodicals and ha attained a phenomenal circulation all over the world.

THE WOMAN AND THE LAMP.

We all know about Alladin and his lamp, and the Genii and the Lamp, but of women and the lamp we know but little and we know that little not long but wrong. I speak feelingly, because I have a respect and dread of coal oil lamps in which I have been brought up. My fate has been either to reside with old-fashioned people who would not use gas, or to reside in new countries where only natural gas prevails. I have imbibed two primary principles with regard to lamps, one is that they are prone to explode unaccountably without due warning, and the other that they should never be blown out. Now science comes to my assistance and relief, and informs me that the lamp is a much maligned article. A well-known English professor gave a very interesting lecture in London at the beginning of April on "Domestic Lighting," a subject he has studied long and intimately, not only in the laboratory, but more practically in his own house. A portion of the lecture was devoted to the danger of coal oil or paraffin lamps, as they are called in England. These lamps, he said, were often said to burst or explode; but he had never known one to do so, or heard of an authentic case. He had endeavored, by every sort of maltreatment, to make them explode, and had never succeeded, he had even boiled one on a stove without any results. In points of fact they do not explode, and the belief that they do so is a superstition. Accidents constantly happen through them, but it is not their fault. A lamp is dropped or more commonly upset or knocked off the table on to the floor. The chimney is shattered and very likely the bowl o glass is broken. At any rate the lamp lies over on its side and the oil runs out while the wick still remains alight. The woman—it is nearly always a woman—shrieks, rushes out and summons the neighbors, and by the time she returns with assistance, the wick has set fire to something. But if she had picked up the lamp at first and blown it out, nothing would have happened. Had it been a candle she would have done so; but the superstition about the explosive properties of lamps makes everyone nervous, yet the spilt oil never ignites at once into a blaze, it is not inflammable enough. The professor illustrated his theory most satisfactorily by dropping a lighted lamp on to the wooden floor of the hall. It fell with a crash, the chimney flew to shivers, the oil poured out, the ladies shrieked. The lecturer calmly stepped down, picked it up and blew it out. "Well" he continued "that is what I should do, pick it up and blow it out." The alarm subsided. Even supposing something has caught fire, nothing is easier than to put it out with a rug or coat. The man of science also demonstrated this fact by making a large fire of tow—over which paraffin was poured out of a bottle—on the platform. It blazed fiercely several feet high and he put it out with his ulster. I have now to reconstruct my idea of lamps and advise everyone who has to use them to do the same, they are positively harmless unless trifled with. It reminds me of Mark Twain's theory of "dangerous beds" because more people died in their beds than in any other place.

Spragge E. Spragge

Bronson—Did you see her jewels flash?
Sonson—You mean did I see her flash jewels.—*Judge.*

Sympathy for the Sick.

Of course it is very unwise to tell a sick man that he looks as if he were not long for this world, or to encourage him in any way to dwell upon himself; but to seem indifferent to his condition is to wound and that deeply.

A friend of ours, says a writer in "Harper's Bazar," was some months since stricken while in perfect health by one of those sudden and often fatal diseases to which our climate renders us liable. For a time death's door seemed open wide and our friend's trembling feet to be standing on the threshold. By God's blessing on the efforts of the physicians and nurses she was called back to life. After six weeks of illness she was thought sufficiently improved to see a friend.

The invalid was cheered at the prospect of her visitor, and perhaps not least by the thought that now she could express herself, as she had failed to do to the too sympathetic members of her own family upon the great experience she had passed through. For to face death and eternity with conscious helplessness is a great event in the life of any thoughtful person.

The sick woman's face brightened as her friend entered and color mounted to her pale cheek, giving the visitor an opportunity to exclaim:

"You don't look sick at all. You'll be out again in a little while. You always get well, you know. You ought to have been out shopping with me to-day, the stores are so full of pretty things. Weren't you wise to save yourself the trouble of Christmasing by lying quietly in bed, having a good time? But you don't know what you've lost—Salvini, Booth, and Modjeska, and"—so on and on for an hour. Not a word of sympathy or even of commonplace interest.

After the departure of the visitor the invalid turned her patient face away but could not hide from the affection-sharpened eyes of the sister who was watching her, the tears which silently trickled from her closed eyes.

"What is it, darling?" said the watcher. Did I let her stay too long? Did she tire you?"

"Yes dear, a little; but perhaps"—with a humorously pathetic smile—"perhaps I am more disappointed. I thought that I had been so very ill some one might have cared. It may be a good lesson but I don't think we any of us enjoy finding out our own insignificance."

There is nothing that so brightens and cheers the heart as genuine sympathy—the proof that there are a few in our little world who would really care if we passed from it. It is not necessary to inquire too closely, to draw down our faces, to be tearfully demonstrative; but if we do not feel at least a mild degree of affectionate interest in the sufferings of our invalid friend why visit him at all?

Chartered Nuisances.

An auditor in a Japanese theatre is allowed, for a small extra fee, to stand up, and the unfortunate individual behind him has no right to remonstrate, or to rise and try to get a peep at the stage. He may hear, but he cannot see. Another peculiarity is, that the extravagantly disposed visitor may sit upon the stage wherever he likes and the actors go on with their parts in apparent unconsciousness of his presence. Our authority says he has seen a broadsword combat fought all around a visitor who showed no disposition to move.

Next Best.

He.—"Will you marry me?"

She.—(emphatically) "No."

He.—(undismayed) "Then will you promise not to marry Bob Sawyer?"

Burly.—"So you're going to make a musician of your son, Tommy, are you?"

Bagley.—"Yes, indeed. Why, he's got a fortune in that head of hair."

Parson Black (pausing in his sermon) "Hi doan' want to interfere wif de sleep ob de just, Deacon Yallerby, but I wish you'd wake Bre'r Johnsing up, an' tell him if he's righteous nuff to snore durin' my sermon, he'd better go home."

Bingo.—"I'm going to bring my wife around to call on you to-night."

Witherby—"That's right; but do me a favor, old man. Don't let her wear her new sealskin cloak. I don't want my wife to see it just now."

Bingo (grimly) "Why, that's what we're coming for."

Mention the Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

No Crow's Feet.

May.—"Why do you call my face a poem?"

Frank (gallantly)—"Because it bears scanning."

He Got It.

"Shave sir?" asked the barber of the bald-headed man

"No," retorted the sarcastic patient. "I came here for a little conversazione."

McTuff (begging a drink) "Oh, but I'm in a peck of throuble."

O'Grog.—"Thot's eight quarts. Bedad ye've hod enough."

March 18, 1892.

McJaggs (in bed) "Wid ivery other bone in me body broken, me head bustin' wid pain and wid me clothes torn from me back, I can lick the man who says they iver had the loikes of that cilebration in Oireland."

The Charge.

"Poor Jim Casey wint up for loife."

"Phwat was th' charge aginst him?"

"Doynamoite."

"THE moon seems to me rather pale after undergoing its eclipse," said papa, who had been watching the sight.

"Well," said Master Johnny, "I suppose it has been frightened in travelling through the darkness of the earth's shadow."

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Caused by the Fog.

IN LONDON.

"Was it George or Harry who called at the house last night, Emily?"

"I don't know, mother."

"Why, some one called."

"Yes, mother, but to-day it is so foggy that I really can't tell one man from another."

Climatic Note.

Mr. A.—"How are you getting along with Miss Jenkson?"

Mr. B.—"I'm not making much progress. She treats me very coolly."

"Well, I suppose you don't like that?"

"No, I can't say that I do; but as this is a phenomenally mild winter, I don't suffer as much as I otherwise would."

His Love Cooling.

Anxious Mother—"Dear me! What is the matter?"

Bride—"Boo-hoo! My hus—husband doesn't lo—love me as much as he did. Boo-hoo-hoo!"

Anxious Mother—"Mercy on us! What has happened?"

Bride—When he went down—down town this morning he only (Boo-hoo) only kissed me seventeen times—boo-hoo-hoo!"

'Two Souls,' Etc.

"How did you ever come to marry, old man? Thought you'd determined to stay single?"

"I had; but one day I was introduced to a girl who had determined never to marry and our thoughts seemed to harmonize so completely that—well, we married each other."

In the Wrong Place.

MISS LILYWHITE SNOWFLAKE (from the colored quarter)—"I wanter little powder for de complexion."

DRUGGIST—"For yourself?"

MISS L. SNOWFLAKE—"Yessah,"

DRUGGIST—"Go to a gun-store."

Not All English.

Little Miss Wayup—"Is your butler English?"

Little Miss Highup—"N—o, but his clothes is."

A Message from the Potentate.

MRS. TAKACAICK—"Did you take those spoiled woodcock back to the butcher, Prince?"

PRINCE—"Yeth'm."

MRS. TAKACAICK—"What did he say?"

PRINCE—"He says, says he, 'I allus s'posed Miss Takacaick liked fings whad kim high.'"

His Inference.

"You are married now, Mr. Gazley," said a life-insurance agent to a newly-made Benedict, "and you really ought to take out a policy on your life."

"Gracious!" replied Gazley, frightened, "is it likely to prove fatal?"

Humorous Definitions.

A smart, pithy, or humorous definition often furnishes a happy illustration of the proverbial brevity which is the soul of wit. A boy once said that "dust is mud with the juice squeezed out." A fan, we learn from another juvenile source, is "a thing to brush warm off with," and a monkey "a small boy with a tail;" wakefulness, "eyes all the time coming unbuttoned;" and ice, "water that stayed out too long in the cold and went to sleep."

THERE was a several hours' water famine in Chicago recently. The people didn't know it, however, until they read the papers the next day.

Search the Scriptures.

Fond Father.—"And now, Charles, that you are leaving home to live by yourself in the heart of a great and busy city, I want to warn you beforehand not to devote too much time to the society of young ladies. Social pleasures are excellent in their way, but until an impecunious young man has made a place for himself in the world a pretty girl is his worst enemy."

Enterprising Son.—"Yes, father, I know that is so, but the Bible tells us, doesn't it, that we must love our enemies."

IN CHICAGO. The Bride.—"You will never cease to love me, will you?"

The Groom.—"Never—not even after we have been divorced."

HOTEL CLERK—"Front, fire out, forty-seven."

FRONT (a few minutes later, face damaged and the collar gone)—"Forty-seven says he won't be fired."

WANTED, lady agents to canvass for "HOUSE and HOME, a complete house-wife's guide," by Marion Harland, the greatest living writer on household matters. William Briggs, Publisher, Toronto.
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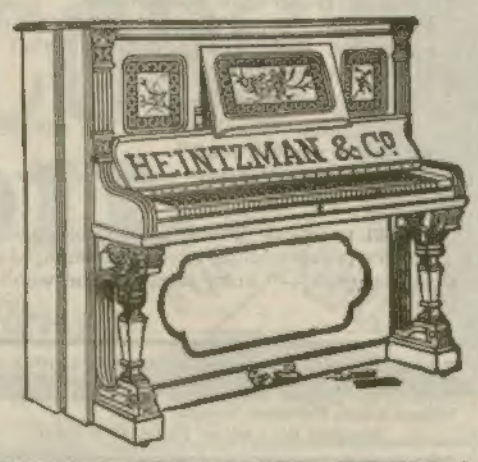

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